

& Bystander

HE

2s. weekly

8 Feb. 1961

WHAT'S HAPPENING TO THE COCKTAIL?



How is it done—this rope trick that these Eastern chaps do all the time?

It's magic of course, anything as clever as that must be—like making a good curry. It's the time it takes though, peeling all those Chillies and cracking all those Caraway seeds, blending Mustard with Cloves and Cumin with Paprika, boiling eggs and heaven knows what else!

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CASE HISTORY OF A SHARP PEN

Whenever the contributor whose picture appears here writes in The Tatler she is soon asked how she comes to know so much about Life and who does she think she is to be laying down the law



anyway? Pamela Vandyke Price can at least answer that her career has been varied. She read English at Somerville during the war and made overtures to the theatre after brief flirtations with advertising and the B.B.C. At the Central School of Dramatic Art she was the only student ever to need exercises for shutting the mouth instead of opening it, but anyway she won two diction prizes. When the stage did not prove rewarding she became a solicitor's secretary—a significant phase, she says,

since as the oldest girl in the office she was given the discretionary statements to type. She couldn't cook before marriage and knew nothing about wines before trying journalism—now she's a skilled cook and has collected three wine trade diplomas. The widow of a doctor at St. Mary's, she works in publicity and has developed in The Tatler a fresh line in sophisticated commentary on life at large, the most recent of which was last week's The T-Girl. This week she writes on her other favourite subject (page 237). . . .

A phenomenon that will soon set the town talking is *King Kong*. Nothing to do with the old science fiction film, it's a Negro musical from South Africa and its success there at a time of racial tension has been astounding. Fay Smyth has recently revisited the Union and sees in the show some symptoms of the wind of change among the Whites. Her article is illustrated with pictures from the show (page 252) and the composer is seen at a committee meeting for the charity preview in London (page 250). . . .

Finally, a note about Gordon Wilkins, our motoring correspondent. This week he has been too taken up with competing in the Monte Carlo Rally to contribute, but he will be writing as usual next week. . . .

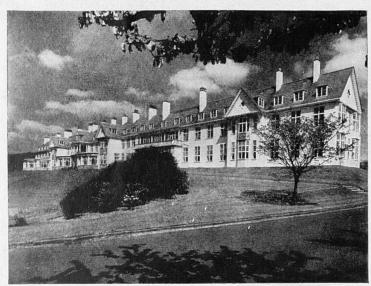
The cover:



This is the traditional fate of the unwanted drink at a party, photographed by COLIN SHERBORNE. Has it come to this for the cocktail yet? The change in drinking habits is examined on page 237 and some personalities give their views

Next-week: The Débutantes & Brides Number . . .





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SOCIAL

Hunt balls on 10 February: Royal Agricultural College Beagles, at Bingham Hall, Cirencester; the Vine, at the Corn Exchange, Newbury.

Point-to-points on 11 February: Oxford University Bullingdon Club, at Crowell; West Norfolk, at Lex-

Cresta Ball, 11 February, at the Palace Hotel, St. Moritz.

Gala Performance of the Royal
Ballet (to be attended by the Queen
Mother of Princess Margaret),
14 February, at Covent Garden, in
aid of the doyal Ballet Benevolent
Fund; s Deux Pigeons &
Venezian Tickets 6s. to 15 gns.
from Cov. Garden.

Gala Fib.
14 Febr.
15 Shaftesbu
United
Tickets 10 Gd. to 5 gns. from Miss Patricia
W.1 (GRO 84).

Opera Ba
16 February, at the
Dorcheste in aid of the English
Opera Gr
Mr. Basi Douglas, 18 Hanover
Street, W. MAY 5091).

SPORT

Race meetings: Newbury, today & tomorrow; Sandown Park, 10, 11; Warwick, 11; Plumpton, 13; Leicester, 13, 14; Wincanton, 16;

Catterick, Lingfield, 17, 18 February. Rugby: Scotland v. Wales, Murrayfield, Edinburgh, 11 February.

Curling: British open championships, Falkirk, to 10 February.

Squash: Scotland v. Wales, Edinburgh, 10 February; professional championship of the British Isles, R.A.C., 15-20 February.

Coursing: Waterloo Cup, Altear, to 10 February.

Ladies' Lacrosse: Midlands v. North, Weston Rhyn, Salop, 9 February; South v. West, Eastbourne, 11 February; North v. South, Harrogate, 14 February.

MUSICAL

Covent Garden Opera: Britten's A Midsummer Night's Dream, tonight, also 11, 15, 17 February; Cavalleria Rusticana & Pagliacci, (last perf.), 9 February; La Bohème, 13 February. All 7.30 p.m. (cov 1066.)

Royal Ballet, Covent Garden. Les Sylphides, The Invitation, Don Quixote (pas de deux), Façade, 7.30 p.m., 10 February; Le Lac Des Cygnes, 2.15 p.m., 11 February; Royal Ballet Benevolent Fund Gala, 8 p.m., 14 February (see above).

Sadler's Wells Opera: Die Fledermaus, tonight; Barber of Seville, 9 February; Janacek's Katya Kabanova, 10, 15, 17 February; Ariadne in Naxos, 14 February,

7.30 p.m.; *Tannhauser*, 7 p.m., 11 February. (TER 1672/3.)

Royal Festival Hall: Jazz concert by the Dudley Moore Trio, 7.45 p.m. tonight; Chopin recital by Smeterlin, 3 p.m., poetry recital by Jill Balcon & Cecil Day Lewis, with George Malcolm (harpsichord), 7.15 p.m., 12 February; Boris Christoff (bass) in operatic programme with the London Symphony Orchestra, 8 p.m., 13 February; Bartok programme by L.S.O., with George Ogdon (piano), 8 p.m., 14 February. (war 3191.)

Royal Albert Hall: Royal Philharmonic Orchestra in Shosta-kovitch's 5th Symphony, Debussy's La Mer, and de Falla's dances from The Three Cornered Hat, conductor Alceo Galliera, 8 p.m., 14 February. (KEN 8212.)

ART

Royal Academy Winter Exhibition— "The Age of Charles II," Burlington House, Piccadilly, W.1, to 26 February.

The Treasures of Trinity Exhibition, with the Book of Kells, at Burlington House, to 5 March, in aid of Trinity College, Dublin, Library Extension Fund.

City of London Art Exhibition, Guildhall Art Gallery, E.C.2, to 4 March.

Recent Acquisitions (Impressionist & modern paintings, drawings & sculpture), Kaplan Gallery, 6 Duke Street, S.W.1, to 18 February.

EXHIBITIONS

Furniture Show, Earls Court, to 11 February.

Leather Goods Industries Fair, Mount Royal, Marble Arch, 13-17 February.

Scottish Dairy Show, Kelvin Hall, Glasgow, 14-17 February.

Perspex Display, Design Centre, Haymarket. To 11 February.

FIRST NIGHTS

Unity. The Lower Depths, 10 February.

Vanbrugh. The Doctor & The Devils (Dylan Thomas), 11 February (mat. 2.30 p.m.).

Old Vic. Henry IV (Part One),

14 February; A Midsummer Night's Dream, 18 February; Romeo & Juliet, 22 February.

Phoenix. Pools Paradise, 16 February.

Mermaid. John Gabriel Borkman, 16 February.

Aldwych, Stratford-on-Avon Company. The Devils, 20 February.

Duke of York's. The Connection, 22 February.

Prince's. King Kong, 23 February. Royal Court. The Changeling, 23 February.

THEATRE

From reviews by Anthony Cookman. For this week's see page 265.

Billy Liar. ". . . for all its short-comings, the most complete study of a daydreamer that the stage has ever given us . . . extremely well acted." Albert Finney, George Cooper, Mona Washbourne, Ann Beach. (Cambridge Theatre, TEM 6056.)

The Importance Of Being Oscar. "... Imaginative sympathy shown to Wilde in all the phases of his development ... at once amusing and movingly dramatic ... those who missed this choice entertainment in the autumn are given a second chance which they will be well advised to take." Micheal Mac Liammoir. (Royal Court Theatre, SLO 1745.)

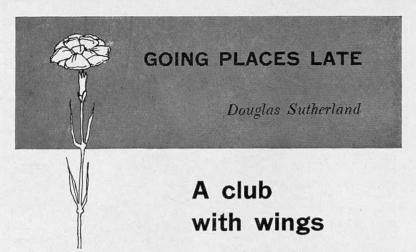
CINEMA

From reviews by Elspeth Grant. For this week's see page 267.

L'Avventura. "... Worthy of notice as an example of the currently fashionable let-the-chips-fall-where-they-may film technique. . . I can't regard a film in which every single character seems to be idly indulging in an illicit amour as edifying entertainment . . . however 'artistic'." Lea Mussari, Gabriele Ferzetti, Monica Vitti. (Paris-Pullman, KEN 5898.)

Swiss Family Robinson. "... Here's a picture that will delight the young and can be relied upon not to bore their elders... John Mills, Dorothy McGuire, James MacArthur, Tommy Kirk, Kevin Corcoran. (Studio One, GER 3300.)





SINCE I WROTE QUITE FULLY A couple of weeks back about the Steering Wheel Club which caters for the select of the road it seems only fair that I should now mention the activities of their friends and competitors at the Brevet Flying Club in nearby Chesterfield Street. The Brevet does for "the Blue Jobs" what the Steering Wheel does for road-bound mortals. Started in 1943 by ex-R.F.C. veteran Clive Reffitt it was originally a club for "wings only" members of the R.A.F. Today it is probably one of the most successful of the West End clubs with a purpose. Clive's son Peter is now the secretary of the club which extends a welcome to founder members and post-war arrivals alike.

It is a time-honoured gibe among the rival Services that an R.A.F. bar had to be longer than any other because of the space needed by drinkers to illustrate their feats of derring-do in the air. "There I was, old boy, diving out of the sun, &c., &c." But don't expect that kind of dialogue here-would-be spellbinders are immediately shot down in flames by a cartoon hanging in the bar, captioned ". . . . there I was . . . " The Brevet Club still exists on a select membership of people who have flown, or are still flying, but a non-flyer can safely walk into the bar without being looked at askance because his moustache does not reach the regulation four inches on either side.

For a guinea membership, and a 10s, entrance fee, members can stay in one of the club bedrooms at 15s, a night; the fee covers a hearty breakfast too. Meals in the club cost around 10s, a head and you can

either eat in the small backroom restaurant at the single "farmers ordinary" table, or be exclusive in "horse box stalls" in the front restaurant for the same price. Peter Reffitt tells me that though there are still many old fighter pilot members, the days of reunions are rapidly dying out. On the other hand, a new flying generation is coming to the club. Nowadays it is not uncommon for five or six young members to band together to buy an aeroplane which they share and the elub itself runs air trips to places like Amsterdam for around £7 per head return for members looking for a cheap off-beat holiday.

An interesting sidelight on R.A.F. morality was disclosed by Peter Reflitt who told me that in wartime a keg of beer was kept on the counter from which members could help themselves. They were relied on to put their beer money in a collecting box and it always turned out that there was more money in the box than could be accounted for by sales. Nowadays more orthodox sales methods are employed with a resulting drop in profits to the bar.

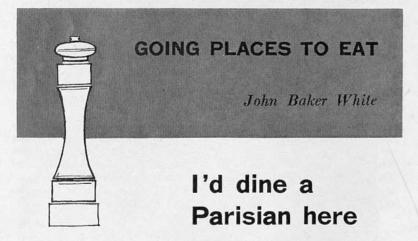
I was interested to find that whereas, on the West End round, gin and whisky are the popular drinks the Brevet Club still sticks to old traditions and sells a surprising amount of draught beer to ex-R.A.F. types now soberly suited as City and West End businessmen. Don't be surprised, either, to find that your next-door neighbour at

the bar speaks with a slightly guttural accent. Increasingly since the end of the war, ex-Luftwaffe officers coming to London on business have found a home from home at the Brevet among their former antagonists.

Hours in the club are 12-3 p.m. and 5-11 p.m. and there is dancing every night in the upstairs bar. Altogether one of those worthy ventures which have succeeded through not demanding too much of their members and reaping fine benefits as a result.



KNOW YOUR BARMAN—4. The Fifty Five Club: Tom Turner came when the club opened in January. An energetic Londoner, with a strong sense of humour, he was previously head berman at the Maisonette Club in hepherd's Market. Dry Martini, e claims, is the prince of coc ails, but will not reveal his mining secret



C.S. =Closed Sundays W.B. =Wise to book a table

Le Jardin Des Gourmets, Greek Street, Soho. (GER 1816.) C.S. It is a long time since I have eaten a better terrine, followed by an excellent coquille St. Jacques. Both supported this long-established restaurant's claim to provide traditional French cooking of a high order. The wine list is remarkable for the number of 1947 and 1949 vintages it can offer still, and they are not unduly expensive. The service is excellent, so is the coffee. I would not hesitate to take a critical citizen of Lyons or Paris to this restaurant. Cost? About 24s. per head without wine. W.B.

The Gazelle Grill, 128 Victoria Street. C.S. Conveniently situated between the Army & Navy Stores (luncheon), and Crazy Gang (dinner); just round the corner from Westminster Cathedral and five minutes' walk from Victoria. Clean, modern lines, with tables properly spaced. Simple grillroom menu, but with good cooking and high-quality meat. Main course, from 6s. 6d. to 8s. 6d., is good value for money. Send out for wines.

L'Aiglon, 44 Old Church Street, Chelsea. (FLA 8650.) Open Sundays from 6.30 p.m. to 11 p.m. A peaceful atmosphere and pleasant company. The fine collection of Edwardian theatre posters includes one of Sarah Bernhardt in La Dame aux Camelias. On the original menu are such pleasures as iced cucumber soup, Oriental meat balls, endive, courgettes, loganberries, and a sorbet. In relation to the high quality, prices are reasonable—dinner need not cost you more than about 12s. 6d. They send across the road for your wine. W.B.

The Speedbird, B.O.A.C. Terminal, Buckingham Palace Road, S.W.1. (VIC 2323.) This is a large and new restaurant, with a pleasant and highly original décor-one is given the impression of being above the clouds in a large, silent aircraft. The food is what it should be at a national doorway-plain, good and British. Service is of the high B.O.A.C. standard. Open for breakfast and up to 10.15 p.m. for dinner. An adequate meal costs about 10s. 6d., and a comfortable bar adjoins the restaurant. W.B. luncheon.

Plato's, 83 Wigmore Street. C.S. (WEL 7867.) There is quite a lot of indifferent Greek cooking to be found in London, and some good. That at Plato's is good. My favourites are the Taramasalada, a fish pâté, the Moussaka, and the splendidly sticky Paklava

to finish. There is go I English cooking for those who prefer it. Mr. Panos makes one very welcome. There is Turkish coffee. W.B. lunch.

Ye Olde White Horse, Eston Socon, Hunts. (Tel.: 208.) Open Sundays. The improving Great North Road deserves some good stopping places, and this is one of them, 56 miles from London and 36 from Stamford. A fine old house, beautifully kept by Mr. & Mrs. Holdway, it has good Continental cooking to offer. Minimum charge, luncheon 9s. 6d., dinner 12s. 6d., with main dish costing 7s. 6d. to 12s. 6d., and first course 2s. 6d. to 6s. 6d. Pâté is homemade, fish cooking above average. W.B. weekends.

Wines from Chile

I admit that the first bottle of Chilian wine I bought was for cooking purposes. But having tried a glass, I have gone on buying it to drink at table. I like the red better than the white, and if kept at about 60 degrees for 48 hours before drinking, it goes admirably with the more strongly flavoured foods. Santa Rita and Cabernet, burgundy style, costing about 7s. per bottle, are my favourites. The French buy a lot of it.



How to see Japan

INT IN COWARD'S PLAY THE CO Private Lives: "And of the ery small," still obtains. Japan?" s classification. Every Japan d ne attempts to make on judgmen it dema its own reservation. with Hong Kong and Compare Thailand or example, it is not Oriental he expected sense of the word. In ed, the standard of its telephone stem, best hotels and railway t is leaves some of those nd America-let alone the Orie standing at the post. Possibly and a half centuries of isolation | m the rest of the world, broken of y 100 years ago, have something to do with its own special paradox. A friend of mine remarked that Japan is a very relaxing country "because it is so impossible to understand that one doesn't

Much has to be taken on trust. Like some creature from another planet, one roams the cities armed with a little card that has Japanese characters on one side and English on the other, indicating one's destination or requirements. Only in the big hotels (where the hall porter is literally a talisman), shops and airports can the normal person to person communication operate though the effort to understand and please, on their part, is prodigious. Then, too, a certain elaborate dignity pervades Japanese manners. The one thing you must never ask them to do is hurry—it just brings negotiations to a standstill. I recall one occasion when I was sitting in a hairdresser's drumming my fingers

as usual with impatience. Along came one of the pretty, demurely giggling assistants who stood over me with a fan until I quietened down. I need not have worried; hair-do and manicure were completed on the dot of half past eleven—the time I had specified. It pointed a very Japanese moral. Express trains, too, operate with equal punctuality, you could set your watch by them.

If you expect of Japan some vague Madame Butterfly stage setting then hasten out of Tokyo as fast as possible. It is of almost terrifying modernity, with more coffee bars than Rome and Paris put together. I toured three before I found one that sold the traditional saki. Scotch and soda, or coke, are the preferred drinks of a metropolis that bends over backwards to be Western. And the sight of Tokyo's pony-tailed youth bending in rapture over the juke boxes is not what one has come to see.

Yet, when you join the stream of dogged but uncomprehending tourists who click their cameras at the great Buddhist shrines of Kyoot and Nara, clucking affectionately at the tame deer in the parks, you wonder whether this is the true Japan, either. Only in the silence of the beautiful moss garden of the Saihoji Temple in Kyoto did I begin to get some inkling of Zen-Buddhist tranquillity. Though this, too, was confounded by the sight of three young men, sitting on the floor and smoking in the middle of the temple itself. "They are waiting for a

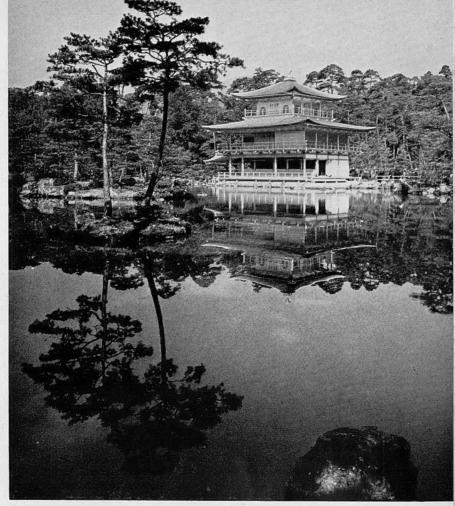


PHOTO: S.A.S. AIRLINES

Lakeside teahouse, Nikko, Japan

wedding," somebody explained. "The bride has not arrived yet." I was equally surprised when, as the only woman at a table of eight men, the little geisha girl with her white painted face and pagoda hair-do came and settled herself by my side. Why? "Her first duty," I was told, "is never to offend a Western woman." Whatever fireworks there may, or may not, have been, were saved up for much, much later.

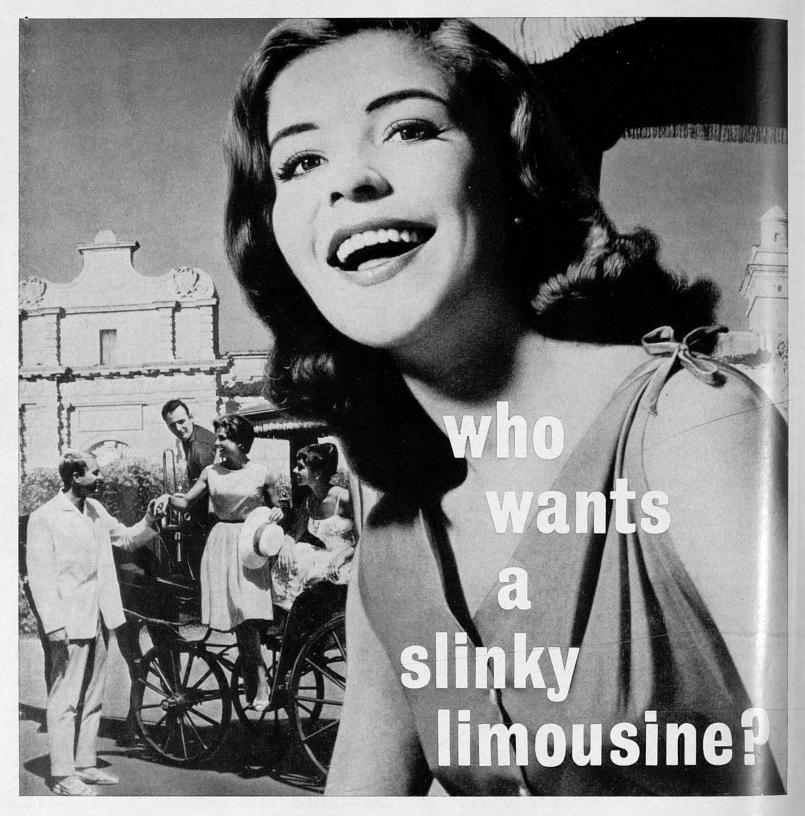
I flew over some tantalizingly lovely country between Tokyo and Osaka, with snow-capped Mount Fuji thrusting through the flamingopink clouds of early morning. The formality of Japanese art leaves one quite unprepared for the wild and sometimes almost surrealist beauty that, apart from the closely cultivated paddy fields and the wingroofed wooden houses, has a lot in common with parts of Tuscany and Dalmatia. On another occasion, I'd certainly do this trip by car along what looks to be a lovely coast road, and I'd see the Fuji Five Lakes district, lying at the northern base of the mountain.

Osaka (Japan's second city), right in the middle of the main Honshu island, is as good a base as any from which to explore Kyoto and Nara, both of which are erstwhile capitals. It has also far more of what one expects to see than has Tokyo. From the skyscraper bar of the Grand Hotel you can watch the fantastic beauty of the neon lights double their reflection in the canals. Then you may explore what is appropriately known as the "pleasure

district" of Dotombori, warrens full of shops and restaurants, bars and cafés, outdoor braziers and tiny, lantern-lit saloons. Osaka is a beautiful, comfortable and fascinating little city in which I'd have liked to spend much more time.

Not so Hiroshima, though strategically it is a good base from which to visit the million-odd sacred islands of the Inland Sea. A new city has been built over the rubble of 1945, leaving only the actual centre as it was. In the clinic of the Atom Bomb Casualty Commission investigations are still being carried out upon the victims of the bomb, and statistics patiently compiled as to the long-range effects of radiation. The bar of the new tourist hotel is crowded with visitors from all over the world who have come to see the city, its memorial and especially its museum. The talk and argument ranges from soul-searching remorse to a certain unrepentant defiance. Does it amount to a horror peep-show, or the last monument to peace which we are ever likely to know? The barman, as he clatters the yen into the cash till, is understandably impassive. For better or worse, Hiroshima is now one of the most important tourist venues of Japan. But only questionably is it a monument to defeat.

HOW TO REACH JAPAN: return fares for the over-the-Pole flight by Scandinavian Airlines System Ltd. are £432 12s. economy class, £723 12s. first class. Prices include hotel accommodation in Copenhagen.



Malta

THE MEDITERRANEAN'S YOUNGEST RESORT



You simply won't need a slinky limousine (and all that goes with it) while you're holidaying in Malta. You'll ride around in a quaint horse-drawn Karrozzin—it's the thing to do.

Malta is gay, charming, sincere. Malta is a touch of Spain, of France, of Italy and Morocco. Malta is five thousand years of living history and traditions, reflected in the Auberges of the Knights, the cathedrals, the neolithic remains, the paintings, tapestries, sculptures. Malta is all this and unlimited sunshine too—300 guaranteed sunny days in the year.

P.S. If you've got to have your limousine (and all that goes with it) you'll have it pretty soon now. For Malta's growing, growing, growing to be the gayest holiday spot on the Mediterranean.



What's happening to the cocktail



Does anybody ever have one any more? At a time when the party spirit is consuming more spirits than ever before, pamela vandyke price suggests that if the cocktail isn't on the way out it is certainly changing mixtures



The cloche and the Charleston died with the 20s but came back again. The cocktail survived—but it certainly looks in need of a pick-me-up now. "Come in for drinks," a friend will say—hardly ever "Come in for cocktails" any more. If an invitation card says Cocktails, as like as not when you get there you will be offered plain sherry, a simple gin-and-something, or even white wine. In the more elaborate bars you still get shown a long printed list of esoteric concoctions like White Lady, Sidecar and Bronx—but how often do you ever hear anyone asking for them? People's husbands used to take a pride in mixing their own special Bronxes; these days more often than not there isn't even a cocktail shaker in the house.

When people left their offices at five and didn't dine until after eight, the well-equipped drinks tray was a good ploy for the host. And a pre-prandial palate-stunner had advantages in an age when quite meek households had cooks but it was still uncouth to talk about food. Nowadays host and hostess may well rush in separately around seven, knock back a quick slug of hard liquor straight before tossing together a ratatouille and zabaglione, and then greet their guests with sherry, a Continental aperitif or a glass of wine. Even the lusher food and drink emporia are firm that, with the exception of the Dry Martini, cocktails are out before dinner now that we are all so palate-proud and cuisine-conscious. And, of course, so many people give dinners again rather than any sort of party at which one has to stand up.

How did it ever come about then, that the cocktail once had such a grip? I put it down to Prohibition. Human nature will not be done good to—and the bath-tub hooch passing as gin often needed a lot of disguising. So the vogue for mixtures boomed with the blues and the cocktail became chic. It even wafted across the Atlantic, though the British cocktail often foundered rather soggily on insufficient ice. Hosts rifiled through handy reference books of mixtures, viscose-coated cocktail cabinets were a 30s status symbol and the cocktail shaker was listed high in the "musts" of wedding presents. A triangular glass with a cherry on a toothpick became the emblem of the age; there were slings and swizzles, smashes, sours, crustas and those things that

CONTINUED OVERLEAF

THE VERDICT OF EIGHT



Mr. David Carver: "The dry Martini is the only possible cocktail... the multi-cocktail—various drinks mixed and shaken with ice—is poison, absolute poison." Mr. Carver is an experienced party giver both in a private capacity and as international secretary and host for the PEN Club at Glebe Place



Miss Nickie Trethowan: "I don't drink, but I love cocktail parties . . . they're about the only place where one can say something really crazy—nobody hears you anyway. I do give small cocktail parties . . . they are fun . . . I can't remember ever being offered a real cocktail though." Miss Trethowan is a this-year débutante

What's happening to the cocktail? continued

have to be poured in layers so that they are like the sandfilled souvenirs of the Isle of Wight.

Not that the cocktail was a 20s invention. In the 18th century the cautious British applied the name cocktail either to beer that was too fresh or to someone not quite a gent. But, related to hard liquor, the term probably came from that cradle of good things-Bordeaux-where it was called coquetel, and got taken across to the States by the French officers in Washington's army. By 1806 an American magazine defined it "a stimulating liquor, composed of spirits of any kind, sugar, water and bittersit is vulgarly called bittered sling and is supposed to be an excellent electioneering potion." Cocktails even get into Tom Brown's Schooldays and by the time that generation of Rugbeians were ponderously becoming "something in the City," they could even nip into a saloon just behind the Bank where an American barman might serve them "Connecticut Eye-Openers or Alabama Fog-Cutters." But the cocktail might never have caught on, but for bootlegging.

Today the "cocktail party" is fast becoming a preserve of contemporary business. While the "cocktail hour" is only an archaic memory and "cocktail dress" survives only because it is slicker to say than "the little black that isn't too tarty for the office or too homely for dining in the West End," the cocktail party has acquired an enduring role as a softening-up before the hard sell. It has all the advantages that are disadvantages in private life. People can dart about doing deals; they don't feel trapped and sales-resistant while they're on their feet, and the expense account settles for both the drinks and the barman.

Indeed the cocktail has turned into something that needs a barman. Like spinach, one only considers ordering it outside the home, where somebody else has the trouble. And even there it is the simpler, newer tipples rather than the older classics that get asked for—the Bloody Mary, Campari Soda, Daiquiri and Americano. Despite all the pouring and shaking contests in which barmen keep on competing, and all the contrived recipes that publicity men try to push on behalf of their liquor firms, there is a distinct preference for the safely recognizable. Young mondaines want to know what they're getting in case they don't like it.

Even if they did ask for an Alexander or an Alamagoozlum (said to have been a favourite of the banker Morgan) it would be a bit of luck if the barman knew how to throw it together. This after all is a time when a glossy with pretensions to knowing can refer to a "Martini shaker"-as though any translucent drink like a Martini or a Manhattan can be anything but stirred. The 60s woman of drinking age soon finds that she can't go wrong with what used to be men's drinks-whisky and soda, or brandy and soda or ginger ale (which is after all a Horse's Neck) -and about the only time she can be tempted away from them is for seasonal punches, cups, mulls and wassail bowls. One of the few things to be said for these, incidentally, is that they make useful talking-points with the tenser type of visitor from abroad. But like most olde worlde eraft products, the good ones are not all that cheap.

Nor for that matter is a good cocktail, at least when you have it in a bar. True, a first-class place is, in proportion, inclined to be more generous with its helpings and reasonable with its prices than the second-rate, but hotel and bar owners aren't in business for sheer love of the human race and often they rate the atmosphere in their particular pub at double or more what the same drink would cost down the road. So the impecunious executive steers his girl friend away from the mysterious listed delights that set him back six or seven shillings a go. Instead he orders the kind of drink that's measured before your eyes and can be spun out with the help of soda or bitter lemon.

You do hear of occasional pick-me-up stunts for the cocktail. There's a Mayfair bar that stars a drink called a Zombie—it costs 17s. 6d. and you are only allowed two apiece. It may have a macabre appeal for the host with visiting tycoons on his hands (like that of horror stories of the ante-natal clinic for the mother of ten—you can join in the boasting when it's all over) but I don't see it starting a trend.

So the great British esprit de party floats on a sea of gin and Scotch, with currents of vodka, vermouth, and lemon bitters. Unless, of course, you share the cynicism of the young man who observed: "With gin the price it is, you might as well serve champagne—and get quicker results."



Mrs. Michael Dormer: "It's two years since I had a cocktail and I've never used my cocktail shaker. I don't like cocktail parties enormously either—all that awful crush, and then you're late for dinner. If I do have a drink it's gin and tonic. My husband settles for whisky. We usually give two parties a week for six or seven guests—that's the best number"



The Mayor of Westminster (Councillor R. L. Everest): "I like cocktail parties... for public figures like myself they are necessary, both for mingling with people and getting through the year's entertainment. But I always stick to dry Martini... in fact it's so long since I had a fancy cocktail that I honestly can't remember"



Mr. Robin Douglas-Home: "I always drink whisky. The last time I had a cocktail was probably when I was at school and didn't know any better . . . I have not been offered one recently. I hate cocktail parties, never give them—always dinner parties"



Mr. Wolf Mankowitz: "Cocktail parties are a barbarous activity. They are always arranged at a time when people should be eating, and if the parties go on too long, people become incapable of eating—or of communication. If I have to go to one I look around to see if there is anyone I might do business with . . . if not, I leave"



Mr. David Ashton-Bostock: "I've just given two parties for nearly 250 guests . . . but they didn't drink cocktails. I served whisky, white wine and mulled claret. The caterers suggested the claret—I must say it was popular. At other parties I always ask for a champagne cocktail, my favourite. I had a White Lady quite recently, but I don't think I've ever had a Sidecar or a Manhattan." Mr. Ashton-Bostock is at Lloyd's



Lady Pamela Berry: "If I feel like drinking I have a Martini; if not, a glass of water. I gave two cocktail parties last week. When I give them it is usually for a fair number of guests. It's a good way to see your friends after you've been away. I've never had a White Lady... or a Sidecar... or a Manhattan"



In a time when queens grow rare, the sight of the Queen riding an elephant into the pink city of Jaipur on her way to dine with the city's elders in Guildhall was unforgettable. The Queen looked as happy as if she were leading in a Derby winner. The elephant, his face a mass of bright tracery, with bracelets of brass tinkling on his feet, was Moghul splendour as only India can do it. This ancient pageantry has in no way suffered from the country's socialist philosophy. The Indians prize and cherish it as the English do.

What about the new India? I was suddenly aware of it when the smooth and luxurious B.O.A.C. jet slid softly through the clouds which cheated Bombay out of the glorious early morning sunshine we had enjoyed across the Arabian desert. On the runway a platoon of Indians was working away with long-handled brushes-a big change since my visit of three years ago. For centuries they'd bent double over their whisks. Then Mrs. Ellsworth Bunker, wife of the U.S. Ambassador, gave her gardeners long-handled rakes for gathering up the leaves. Mr. Nehru was enormously impressed and he ordered full-speed-ahead with production of long-handled brooms. Just a small instance of so much that has been achieved since 1947. The Queen and Prince Philip are being shown the backbo a of it-the new steel towns, the flourish g cottage industries, and the community rojects which, in time, will revolutiont of the millions in the sun-scorehed village

POLC AND PAGEANTRY

High ot of the Royal Tour so far has been New Do , with a succession of social functions, attende by thousands of people. It was reminis t of Royal Ascot when the Queen and the Pr ent, Dr. Rajendra Prasad, drove to the pole the racecourse on a sunny afternoon. The Qu. in mauve organza with a matching ne President went round the arena in an exquite ivory landau pulled by four greys.



THE QUEEN SEES THE NEW INDIA

Two red-coated footmen stood on the back, one carrying the largest fly-whisk I have ever seen, and the other holding a scarlet and gold canopy over the Queen and the President. The horses had red rosettes on their browbands, just as the Windsor greys have, and the postillions even had plaited wigs under their turbans.

Escorting the carriage were 50 horses of the President's bodyguard, their riders in scarlet tunics and royal blue and gold turbans. Impressively quiet horsemen they were too—I learnt later that they were also expert paratroops. It was a gracious sight as the carriage and horses swung round the emerald-green polo ground.

A report on the royal tour by Muriel Bowen

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GEORGE HALES



For her visit to the Taj Mahal the Queen put on red velvet slippers



THE QUEEN SEES THE NEW INDIA CONTINUED

Such pageantry for a polo match was enormous, but then India—and nobody here lets you forget it—is the home of modern polo. There was a crowd of 10,000 (many of them paying 30s. for their seats) to see Prince Philip play with the Ratanada Aide, skippered by that great maestro of the game, Rao Raja Hanut Singh.

With no more than odd half hours of stick and ball practice on previous days, Prince Philip had fully adapted himself to the faste. Indian game and to the unfamiliar ponies. lis best position in the field is forward, but he sked to play back. Never have I seen him play etter in this position. In the hotly contested second chukka he delighted the crowds. The l tanada goal was constantly under pressure om the blood-and-thunder pair on the Arr y side, Major Kishen Singh and Lt. Gaje Sing Time and again Prince Philip cleared with a s re sharp touch. He scored two of Ratanada's th e goals, the second of which he placed and hit rom far out. His fourth pony was a bit of a but never have I seen ponies go as we as in the other three chukkas. They were by no means fast, but they were handy enough to be able to turn on a sixpence and a great credit to the army riders who schooled them.

A feature of the afternoon for the English visitors was to see Rao Raja Hanut Singh's two sons, Bijai and Hari, play with much of the skill that has made their father the idol of polo spectators in Britain for 25 years. Once Hari got the ball on Merlin (the recently imported English champion pony) or Bijai got away from the rest on the former successful racehorse, Keewattin, there was no catching them up at all. It was a happy ending with three goals each, though Ratanada was unlucky not to win.

The Queen and the President watched from the presidential box. Sitting with them were Sir Paul Gore-Booth, our new High Commissioner (whose eyebrows are of a bushiness that delights Indian cartoonists), Mr. & Mrs. Philip Crosland, Mr. P. Williamson, up specially from Calcutta, Mr. & Mrs. J. A. Scott, Comdr. David Kirk, temporarily lent from the Royal Navy to be Chief of Naval Aviation in the Indian Navy, & Mrs. Kirk, Mr. & Mrs. C. M. Anderson, and Miss Mary Morrison, lady-in-waiting to the



At Rashtrapati Bhavan the Queen & Prince Philip watched Indian dancers

In New Delhi Prince Philip played polo at the Jaipur Ground

Queen, who comes from a family of polo players.

That evening there was a party to celebrate the match in the Officers' Mess of the Presidential Bodyguard, a room in the old tradition, with brightly painted shields and regimental silver. The Queen accepted on condition that there were not more than 25 guests; so this was a small informal party for the players, their wives and a few friends. The Queen chatted about her horses and children. Several times she was asked if she would ride during the visit, to which she said that she would love to, but she might be late for her next engagement, and that would make work for those arranging the tour.





At the High Commissioner's residence the Queen met Indian guests at a Commonwealth reception

THE QUEEN SEES THE NEW INDIA

CONCLUDED

INDIAN ARMY'S PROUD PARADE

The crowds who have turned out to greet the Queen & Prince Philip have been enormous. They come in mule and bullock earts, parents and grandparents on the seats, children sitting in layers on the floor. They drive in old prewar cars, French horns mounted on the roof for additional blowing power. And with large wads of people wandering across the roads it's no use the police using the palms of their hands as a halt signal. They shoot up ferociously painted red-and-white signs which say "stop."

On Republic Day at 4.30 a.m. the populace was chortling past my hotel window in bullock carts on their way to a giant military parade for the royal visitors. Certainly the Indian Army on parade is something to make British breasts swell with pride. Thirteen years after independence the pipes and drums still play "Cock o' the North" with a fine snap to the rhythm. Bagpipes are terribly snob in the Indian Army, and even the army medical corps

put a fine lot of pipers and drummers on parade. There was all the usual mechanized equipment which armies have nowadays, but nothing to touch the sight of the mounted Camel Corps. The riders with their orange-tasselled hats sat on great red leather saddles, and what splendid legs those chaps had for a top boot. The camels, noses in the air, walked so smartly that an Indian lady next to me said that she thought they must have had pep pills since last year.

A VISIT TO POONA

What of the old army headquarters of British days? From Bombay, I took the express to Poona and found that the old city is not what it was. On the outskirts there are deserted barracks and practice ranges. In one barracks there was a slum colony of refugees. A derelict shop had the sign "Expert European Tailoring" over the door. The famous main street is now Mahatma Gandhi Drive. I looked at the handsome new Armed Forces Medical College; it is the only new building of any consequence in sight. Poona is no longer the military centre it was in British days. Perhaps it's something they want to forget.

But not far out of Poona is the new National Defence Academy at Khadakvasla, the most lavishly equipped of public schools. It is for boys from 15 to 18 who plan a career in one or other of the armed services. There is gliding and sailing, tennis and cricket and the pick of 150 horses to ride. Riding is compulsory. The new Staff College at Wellington is modelled on Camberley all the way-down to the maintenance of a pack of hounds.

British interest in the new India is maintained in more substantial ways. Not only are there 25,000 British residents (mainly in banking, insurance, shipping, jute and the missions), but more than four-fifths of all foreign investment here is British. The Indians, though, adamantly refuse to negotiate any double taxation avoidance agreement-something which keeps cropping up in conversation here.

MORE BRITISH VISITORS

British tourists also multiply. Jet travel, as I was able to see on my own journey by B.O.A.C. Comet, reduces travel time so sharply that a place like India becomes perfectly practical for a three-week holiday. There is also another reason. More wives are travelling with their husbands on business trips and it is often they who are responsible for a stay in India en route back from Australia or the Far East. On average, I was told, British visitors stay 26 nights, and the latest project with them is to visit Darjeeling and see Mount Everest in the distance. Few come tiger-hunting, which works out at around £450 each for a party of six, including the fare from London. The "shots" mostly confine themselves to cameras, finding that the resultant trophies are more easily



During the Republic Day parade in D hi the Queen saw these Indian Camel Corps

A ceremonial umbrella shielded the Quan as she drove with President Prasad to 1 2 parade

accommodated at home than skins and tusks.

For their shoot the Queen and Prince Philip stayed at the Maharajah of Jaipur's shooting box, one of those novelties beloved by rich men. It's in the shape of a ship (it even has a funnel) and looks a little incongruous amid the wooded beauty of Sawai Madhopur.

For the Earl of Scarbrough, Rear-Admiral Christopher Bonham-Carter (who shot a tigress next day), Sir Michael Adeane, and others, the shoot meant a night in pitched tents. I doubt if they were roughing it any more than I was, though-in an hotel with lots of palms, flowers, and mown lawns, but unable to provide a single bathroom with a bath. The hotel was built years ago and just how the baths never got into all those bathrooms nobody could explain.

MY DAY OF DUCK-SHOOTING

I had an excellent Sunday morning's duckshooting in the vicinity of New Delhi (anybody is free to enjoy it). The Delhi Hunt, long





associated with the viceroys, was revived seven years ago by the army. What a sight it was with Sikhs in scarlet coats and pale orange turbans. We met at 6.15 a.m., in the dark, when the scent of the jackal is best, and moved off 26-strong, representative of a dozen nationalities. In the absence of the Master, Col. Negri, whose best horse I was lucky to be on, the horn was carried by Brigadier Sarthage Singh, a jolly and handsome Sikh who wore a mauve turban. I liked his greeting. "You won't find us a very pukka hunt," he said. "But I hope you will like our hounds-we've got a splendid bitch from the Old Surrey & Burstow." Both the followers and hounds were of the finest calibre.

DELHI GOES "WET"

Biggest change in New Delhi is that during the period of the Royal Tour it is wet. For the first time since 1947 it is possible to have a Scotch and soda in an hotel lounge. But when I dined with the Marchioness of Winchester and her brother, Dr. Jal Pavry, at the Imperial Hotel, all the Indian guests were having their usual fruit cocktails. "They have got completely out of the habit of a good glass of wine," the Marchioness told me. She was in New Delhi for the setting up of an organization for closer co-operation between the Asian states and has offered to finance the construction of the main building of the organization

But the banquet given by the President in the Queen's honour was dry and the toasts were drunk in fruit cocktails. It was at the Presidential Palace, that hideous pile of pink sandstone built by Sir Edwin Lutyens as a residence for the viceroys. Next day there was a party in the sunken gardens there. The gardens, created by Lady Hardinge of Penshurst, wife of the then viceroy, provide a background of splendour, with massive fountains, trees tall and stately or short and umbrella-shaped, and vivid flowersmasses of them—in rich red, purple and orange.

Men in white jodhpurs and black frock coats, their ladies in saris glinting with gold, strolled along paths of pink and white stone.

The Queen and Prince Philip took tea on the lawn, and there to serve them and the 5,000 guests were waiters with faces that looked as if they had come straight from the Old Testament. They wore vestment-like garments of red and gold and harlequin hats. It was the most gorgeous garden party I've ever been to. But then the entire visit to India is a tour of unparalleled brilliance this side of World War Two.

Mr. R. L. C. Hartley: Our report from Klosters (18 January) inadvertently referred to "Mr. & Mrs. Richard Hartley" staying there with his family. Mr. Hartley is in fact a bachelor and he was staying with relatives. The Tatler deeply regrets this error and offers apologies to Mr. Hartley for any inconvenience he may have been caused.



Newcomer with a

WINNING TOUCH

The young man pictured here is this season's brightest newcomer to the turf. He is Sir William Pigott-Brown, Bt., 20, variously known as "Piggy" and "Sir Lester." During this sea --- he hit a winning streak of seven rides with six wins-including three winners in three days over Christmas. One of them was on his own horse, Miss Newby. These pictures were taken at Frank Cundell's stable at Aston Tirrold, Berkshire, where he trains. His love of horses, Sir William claims, is a family inheritance. His mother rides with the his father (killed while serving with the Coldstream Guards in North Africa in his grandfather were well-known riders. Content to accept the chores associated 1942) an ag his way up from the bottom, Sir William means to ride to the top. with we







TABLES

GLASS-TOPPED



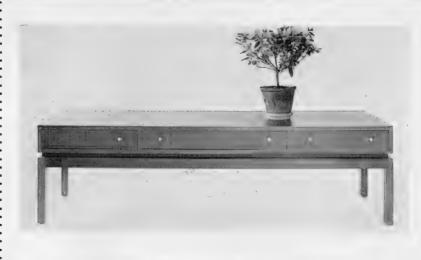
Coffee table with brass and black stove-enamelled frame is made to order by Wright & Day, 75 Jermyn Street—a new boutique specializing in custom-built furniture. Price for a 24-inch square table, £9 15s. (Plants from Moyses Stevens)

For the right answers in furnishing, learning your tables is as essential as in arithmetic. The only common denominator is the flat top. The variables cover shapes, legs, materials and function. Round tables (anything to do with "Camelot"?) are back, teak is still top favourite, and dual-purpose adjustable types have become as ingenious (and as reliable) as a slide rule

DINING

Dual-height teak to le from Denmark. Seen here as a coffee table, the legs adjust o supper height. Price £28 5s., from the new range of Cont/ex furniture at Heals. (Tray of liqueur glasses and brandy decanter from Woollands

OCCASIONAL



Sofa table by Greaves & Thomas in tola or rosewood finish has three drawers which open ther side. Price: £21 10s. in tola, £22 15s. in rosewood; from good furniture stores and departments. (Azalea from Moyses Stevens)

SPECIAL PURPOSE



Plant table with green, black and white terrazzo marble top has a black metal frame and slatted wooden second shelf. Price: £22 16s. 9d. from Heals. Could also be a coffee or magazine table. (Plants from Moyses Stevens)

PHOTOGRAPHS:
PRISCILLA CONRAN
TABULATION;
ILSE GRAY

TABULATED



Telephone table in teak with two drawers, sliding glass top and round brass legs. Could be just as useful as a coffee or bedside table. Price: £16 7s. 6d., from Heal's. (Plant from Moyses Stevens)



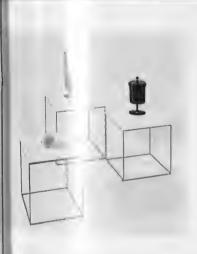
Occasional table designed by Alvar Aalto has laminated birch frame and plate glass top which lifts off. Price:£13 18s., from Finnish Designs, 2 Norris Street, Haymarket. (The camera is a Japanese Fujita with telephoto lens)



Circular table by Conran Design Group has white laminated plastic top and stove-enamelled metal pedestal. From Terence Conran, 5 Hanway Place, W.I. Price: £16. Also in African walnut or teak. (Rosenthal coffee set from Woollands)



Adjustable table from Germany with a spring-action lever to vary height has a hinged top which folds together and swivels round to make a smaller table. Price: £32 10s., from Heals. (Accessories from Woollands)



Nest of three tables from Denmark has opaque glass-type plastic tops and brushed chrome steel frames. Price: £14 10s., from Woollands. Also available with black tops. (Mauve and red glass jars are also from Woollands)



One of a set of five tables designed by Finn Juhl and imported by C. W. F. France, with solid teak strip top. This is the smallest (24 in. long) and costs £8. Tables and Italian lamp both from Woollands



Sewing table with two hinged flaps has a deep drawer fitted with a shelf for smaller objects like cottons and needles and opens from either end. Price £26 10s., from Heals range of Cont/ex furniture



Dual-purpose card table has green baize top which reverses into a wooden dining table. It also has extending leaves. Price: £29 17s. 6d. from Heals Cont/ex range. (Fornasetti ashtray and holder from Woollands)



A committee meeting was held at the Kensington home of the Hon. Mrs. Hugh Fraser—seen above with the Earl of Antrim—for a charity première of the new musical from Johannesburg, King Kong. A sort of South African "West Side Story," the show opens in London at the Princes Theatre on 23 February





A hit in its own country, King Kong is the first all-black show to come over from South Africa—which is just one of its many portents. On the following pages they are considered by fay smyth who is lately back from revisiting the Union, where she saw the cast rehearing for London



The He Mrs. Brand



The Hon. Fionn O'Neill



Miss Christa Slater

Opposit
Mr. To Matshikiza,
the sho: omposer



Mrs. Pat Williams, who wrote the show's lyrics



Baroness Elliot of Harwood is a Council member of the African Music & Drama Trust, which will benefit from the première



PHOTOGRAPHS:
MICHAEL JOSEPH



continued

King Kong, the name part, is played by Nathan Mdledle. Here the heroine, Peggy Phango, tells him she is through with him

Lucky (Joe Magotsi) is a gangster
—with echoes of the champ from "Carmen Jones"

The December heat in the rambling corrugated-iron roofed shed in the shabby down-town district of Johannesburg is stilling. The eacophony of jazz instruments tuning up, of long-vowelled far-earrying Negro chatter, is deafening. The equipment is a jumbled disorder of odd bits of scenery, of packing cases (used during intervals for impromptu gambling) and a makeshift ramp which is all that serves as a stage; no stage lighting or microphones, but a persistent echo off the tin roof. Suddenly all noise ceases. Rapt black faces turn towards the white producer, Leon Gluckman, who stands with hand raised, and in an atmosphere of intense, dedicated concentration that is strangely moving, King Kong goes into rehearsal.

Opening in London this month, this first ever all-Negro musical from South Africa constitutes a phenomenon with portents. The cast of 62 are amateurs to a man—not only no professional training but only negligible experience. Not one has set foot outside his native country—some not even outside Johannesburg. Until recently they had jobs such as messengers, sweepers and truck drivers, and had to travel long hours and long distances to rehearse. But the real significance to a white South African lies not so much in these things as in the fact that for the first time black and white men and women have worked together to produce a black show of a standard high enough to go to London.

Nearly 100,000 white inhabitants of South Africa (both English and Afrikaans-speaking) saw the first production of King Kong 18 months ago. The realization of the rich fund of natural talent which it uncovered coincided with an awakening awareness that, in a phrase now becoming familiar out there, "we have got to do more for the natives." This new expression of sympathy does not imply a slackening of colour consciousness. The colour bar is if anything more firmly entrenched than ever. At its worst, it comprises an artificial, harshly imposed and dogmatically executed series of regulations which on occasion touch the lunatic fringe (the book Black Beauty was banned because its title was held to be unfortunate). But in more moderate and

general terms it represents a class rather than a colour distinction. Symptomatic was the remark of a young woman after seeing the show that "the characters seem too like my own cook boy and wash girl—I can't take them seriously."

King Kong gives a faithful interpretation of this "separateness." It depicts life in Orlando, the black half of greater Johannesburg where white people are actively discouraged from visiting. And it reflects accurately the devil-take-thehindmost attitude, the cynicism towards authority, the shrug-the-shoulder acceptance of police raids as a daily occurrence with all their impedimenta of grey vans, like huge meat chests, regularly loading up with offenders involved in illegal liquor brewing. Government policy does not recognize Orlandians as a settled community, but rather as migrant labour, their true "homes" being in the rural areas from which their antecedents came. Yet despite all attempts to "retribalize" them and to encourage them to develop along the lines of their ancient cultures, they cling stubbornly to the pursuit of Westernization. The blend of tribal rhythm with American-inspired orchestration and the 1920s gangster vernacular in King Kong is, according to the orchestra leader, Mackay Davashe (himself a native of the township), authentically Orlando.

In total contrast, yet only a short distance across the high veld, white Johannesburg remains a mining camp at heart, embellished with a growth of beautiful suburbs whose gardens are unexcelled anywhere. Life is good, with big American cars, magnificent clubs and golf courses, gin at 13s. 6d. a bottle and eigarettes 3s. 6d. a packet of 50, income tax around 1s. 10d. in the £, and a healthy supply of servants. On the surface it appears just as it has always been. Accounts of no longer being able to walk safely along the streets at night are exaggerated. But in the last year or so the atmosphere has subtly changed.

The old head-in-the-sand attitude is disappearing fast and the "native problem" is now the one sure bet of conversation anywhere. It is thrashed out, mulled over, argued about endlessly, so that it becomes clear that whatever

CONTINUED
ON PAGE 254



faults the whites may have, smugness is not one. In Johannesburg, where the pulse of South Africa beats, the white conscience is stirring. Business houses, as an instance, have of their own volition recently raised wages, and the City Council has spent thousands on African housing. On a more personal basis, there is also an increased sense of responsibility. Wives of rich men, who could happily confine themselves to the uniquely lively social whirl, are working-and hard-to help the Africans. The African Self-Help Association, the African Children's Feeding Scheme, the Bantu Refugee Socity are some of the organizations founded by white women to try to teach black women-often still primitive in their way of life-social welfare and child care. Such women have also done much to help raise funds to train African talent. Arising from the original production of King Kong, the African Music & Drama Association has been established, offering facilities for voice and speech production. It is in aid of this that there is to be the charity première in London on 22 February.

Though such a change of attitude goes nowhere near far enough to meet world opinion, or the demands of African political leaders, it is nevertheless significant compared with the situation a few years ago. The Parliamentary Progressive Party, advocating a qualified franchise for all, has made an impression far stronger than its small membership or avant garde thinking would warrant, and this has happened only recently.

There is, too, a growing sensitivity to the reactions of the rest of the world—particularly the United States and Britain. Consider the government's decision to grant passports to the cast of King Kong to come to London. While none of these actors has a record for dabbling in politics, this is still an unprecendented move. It would be unrealistic to read into it a political change of heart; but it does suggest a consciousness of public relations overseas. And indeed King Kong will show a side of life in South Africa far different from that suggested by newspaper sensationalism. Continually to describe the new republic—and Johannesburg in particular—as "unhappy" and "tragic" is to distort the truth, presenting only one facet—though admittedly a real one.

A Government official in Pretoria asked me a few weeks ago if in all fairness I thought people in London looked as carefree or happy as either the black or white inhabitants of Johannesburg. To this there is only one answer: crowds shuffling in the Piccadilly rush hour wear a bleak, depressed look you do not see out there. The sun may work wonders but the fact remains that living conditions in African cities are incomparably better than those in most European ones. At all times in Johannesburg there is the sound of laughter, the strum of home-made guitars, the impromptu rhythmic dance at a suburban street corner. This is the uninhibited gaicty and zest of the African which nothing can discourage and which *King Kong* will hope to bring to London.

Fay Smyth



Only the producer, Leon Gluckman, is white. Here he briefs Joe Mogotsi and Peggy Phango, who will both be in the London cast





Speaking as an Aries man . . .

by CLAUD COCKBURN

RECALL the former editor of a Sunday newspaper telling me that for him the most alarming day of World War Two was that on which the wife of one of the tiptop figures at the War Office rang him up to ask if it were possible for an early proof of the page with the astrology column in it to be rushed down to her husband's place in the country before Saturday midday. She explained that in the course of Saturday afternoon her husband had to make a decision involving the fate of vast bodies of troopsperhap of the whole country. Never, she said, powerful strategist make a decision did th nything without first consulting the about the zodiac as interpreted by the signs r's star-gazer. newsp:

from the fright it gave the editor to Apa man like that being in charge of so think much a platoon, he felt an awful responsibility. he fate of Britain, apparently, was lepend on this starstruck commander going st the right stimulus or sedative from getting the ast gy column. Whatever was written in that co in this man was going to act on. A daunti

Suppose the column said: "A good time for pushin, read with a favourite plan. Initiative will be arded." Next, thing you knew, half the Bight Army might be suddenly and unsuita parachuted into Berlin and massace Or it could say: "An easy-going day. You can reget recent worries." Fine. And then it turns that this is the weekend Hitler has the invasion of Britain.

The color looked up the military man in Who's 11.0 and found he was a Gemini (May 21-June 20). He then called in the astrologer and told him that what he would like to see under Gemini this week was something that was vaguely calming, without being actually enervating—something that would counsel general alertness without prodding Gemini people into any precipitate action. I dimly apprehended then the power that is in the hands of the type of man who can glance at the entrails of a goat, or make the ouija-board skim, and at once inform the clientele which way Gussies are likely to move on the market tomorrow.

A little later I had a rather more personal and harassing demonstration. I am an Aries man myself (March 21—April 20). And there came a period when, for months on end, nothing good at all seemed boded for Aries men in the

columns of my Sunday newspaper. I would look at Pisces (February 19—March 20) and it said: "Self-reliance will overcome obstacles. A gratifying surprise later in the week." And the prognosis for the people happy enough to have been born under Taurus (April 21—May 20) was equally blithe—it seemed it was a good day for them to make new friends and some money. But Aries, squeezed in between, got wretched treatment.

"A friend you have trusted may prove treacherous. Be careful of illusory hopes." Such was a typical specimen of news for Aries. Week after week we were warned, deflated and discouraged. The theme was always that nobody really liked us, and that nothing we undertook was likely to come to other than a bad end. By an accident I learnt the truth. It was not Aries folk in general that this particular astrologer was after but his girl friend—more accurately, his ex-girl friend. She had turned him down. And he, knowing her as one avid for auspices, took it out on her with these threats and menaces.

At one time, I believe—what with "a meeting, from which you hoped much, may prove disastrous," and "a journey today is best avoided"—he had the poor girl turning down invitations right and left and virtually confined to her flat. It was a big relief to a lot of persons born under Aries when the astrologer fell in love with someone else, forgave the girl, and, on the very next Sunday, told us: "A prosperous week ahead. You win support and admiration in many unexpected quarters."

A trivial episode, you may say. But not so trivial when you regard it in the light of what is now known about the degree to which hardheaded businessmen and shrewd politicians are influenced by men in darkened rooms just north of Oxford Street who can tell them just what shape their auras are in today. They are, these men in the dark rooms, not merely honest, but they take all desirable steps to prove it. They insist on not knowing the name or business of their clients. Sometimes they even refuse to look at them at all lest the client turn out to be someone famous whose photograph the seer may have observed in some newspaper. This sort of thing ensures impartiality and purity of motive.

And it is just this, I believe, which so much vexed and frustrated my friend Rudyard

Booth-Latham. What he felt was that here was opportunity going to waste, and Rudyard is not a man to tolerate the waste of opportunity. His idea, as he explained it to me some months ago, was simply to "nobble"-as he rather coarsely put it-one of the big wheels in the seer business, and arrange for him to guide customers in whatever direction might correspond with the personal interests of Rudyard Booth-Latham. "Naturally," Rudyard explained to me, "the thing couldn't be done too obviously. These augurs and suchlike have a jargon of their own. Let's say I buy a few shares of Consolidated Motors. If every time a millionaire goes to consult my tame haruspex the man shouts 'Buy Consolidated Motors' a rat will be smelt. Instead he says: 'I see wheels and wheels and more wheels. And now they're coming together. Yes, they're coming together. They're moving . . . they're all rising into the air.' It doesn't take much acumen for the millionaire to work out that this means that Consolidated Motors are going up. He buys lavishly. I cash in."

He had ideas about politics, too. He chanced to know that several leading politicians of the political party to which he is opposed were in the habit of visiting the fortune-tellers. These men he aimed to harry and chivvy. With dire warnings of "disaster in the streets" he would keep them from attending vital meetings. At other times, by conveying to them that a bold stroke of political independence would bring them power, and the acclaim of the populace, he would lure them to make speeches such as resulted in their being censured by the Whips, repudiated by their constituency parties, and finally hounded out of public life.

"But all this," I remonstrated, "will ultimately reduce the operations of the Stock Exchange and the House of Commons to incomprehensible nonsense. Instead of acting on a sober and well-calculated appraisal of the facts, financiers and statesmen will be led into the most whimsical and irresponsible behaviour."

"So what?" replied Rudyard Booth-Latham with shameless negligence.

At the time I comforted myself with the thought that in a basically sound, level-headed country such as ours, no such scheme could possibly succeed. Yet I have to confess that every once in a while, when I look at the newspapers, I think of the Booth-Latham plan, and wonder whether it has failed so utterly as I predicted. There are so many things that would be easier to explain if one assumed that Booth-Latham has succeeded, and is regularly at work on his remote controls.

LORD KILBRACKEN

in addition to his ski-ing injury, is down with 'flu. He hopes to resume his articles next week. Heels are getting lower, toes squarer in a subtle rounding of shapes that has also resulted in a secondary line—the almond toe. The pattern of its evolution is traced below with a side-glance (page 259) at three elegant square-toed shoes shown by Vivier at the recent Dior collection in Paris.

But **pointed toes** stay popular, especially in Italy where designers have also concentrated on slim heels that flare to a wider base. **Colours** are still sombre, with browns and patents out in front, but there are some pretty evening shoes in kids and satins with evocative detail and trimmings



Square toes step out (above) in shoes by Charles Jourdan who first introduced this new spring look to London. The heels are medium and slim, the leather is black patent with a small bow of black and white check trimming the throat. They come in all sizes and fittings from Charles Jourdan, Old Bond Street, W.1.6½ gns.

Pointed toe (right) identifies the shoe as Italian, and elegant too, in contrasting leathers of sand and white (for the punched toe). The heel is medium and slim and the shoes will be available from the end of the month at the main branches of Dolcis in London and the provinces. 5 gns. in B fitting only, all sizes.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY
NORMAN EALES

. . . from pointed toes

Enter the almond-shaped toe in a sporty but smart shoe in black patent by Cedric of Faubourg St. Honoré. The vamp is longer than usual and the pronounced inward-curving heel is medium and slim. At Saxone, 297 Oxford Street, W.1, or to order by mail from them. Price: 7 gns. in B fitting only, sizes 5 to 10 American. Available mid-February



. . . to almond shapes

Squared-off toe for a shoe from Bally with a strap and round buckle in 20s flapper style across the vamp. The heel is medium and the shoes are obtainable in chestnut or black. From Bally London Shoe Company, New Bond Street, W.1, and the Bally Boutique, King's Road. Price: 6 gns. in A & B fittings, sizes $5\frac{1}{2}$ to 9 American





\dots to squares and \dots

Squared-off variation in a shoe with the toe lopped diagonally making the vamp slightly shorter. Russell & Bromley made the shoe in white calf on their new last. The toe is ruched and the heel is slim and high. From Russell & Bromley, New Bond Street, W.1, Guildford & Brighton. Price: 6½ gns. in all sizes and fittings



. . . real square

... but not in the beat sense. This squaretoed shoe in patent leather by Gaston Parigi of Florence is a direct adaptation of the controversial shapes shown last season by Roger Vivier, originator of the square look. The Parigi shoe is soft and easy to wear, it has a comfortable stacked Cuban heel and the throat is tied with a bow. From Bally London Shoe Company, Old Bond Street, W.1, & King's Road. Price: 5 gns., sizes from 51B to 9B American



NEW SLANTS ON SHOES

concluded

Traditional high heel and a point toe are retained for an evening shoe in platinum gold kid. Here the sides of the toe are cut-out half loops. Russell & Bromley have the shoe in all sizes and fittings at their shops in New Bond Street and Knightsbridge. The price is $6\frac{1}{2}$ gns.

Delicate Prince Charming shoe in platinum gold kid has a slim, medium height heel. The toe is widely squared-off but the top of the vamp slopes gently to it with no unsightly ridged edges. A gold lamé bow decks the throat. It is obtainable in all sizes and fittings from Charles Jourdan in Old Bond Street, price: $6\frac{1}{2}$ gns.





Italian shoe by Vaccari (above) features the slim waisted heel with a flaring base favoured by his countrymen this season. The shoe is in nectarine satin with the sides ruched and caught in the centre by a band of rhinestones. The inside is lined with gold kid and the throat of the shoe is discreetly piped with silver kid. From Bally, Old Bond Street. Price: 8 gns. in $5\frac{1}{2}B$ to 9B American



ANDRE OSTIER





New slants from Paris are shown in these Vivier shoes from the Dior spring collection. They feature an inward curving heel known as the "comma" and a sole that bends gently to a straight, squared-off toe. Vivier's line was simple and unfussy as exemplified (far left) in the black patent leather shoe with comma heel and square toe plainly trimmed with a loop of braid. Evening styles were more exotic, the shoe (above left) is embroidered with topazes. The plain apricot satin shoe (left) is trimmed by Vivier with a simple flat rosette



Pointed toes (but not needle points) and heel interest are shared by each of the three shoes shown above. From left: Apricot aniline calf shoe from Holmes of Norwich has punched trimming on the toe and a slim high heel that broadens at the base. From Bourne & Hollingsworth, W.1; Brights of Bournemouth; James Howell, Cardiff. Price: 89s. 11d. in B fittings only, sizes from 4-91 English. Lotus shoe

in navy blue calf with the slim, flared lower heel. From Lotus, New Bond Street, W.1, Leeds & Edinburgh. Price 69s. 11d., B fittings only, sizes 4-9 English. Rayne's shoe of tan and white gingham nylon mesh has the collar, ankle and slim high heel of white calf. From Rayne, Old Bond Street, W.1; Marshall & Snelgrove, Leeds & Manchester (plain only). 10 gns. in all fittings, sizes 3½-9½ English

THE H.H GOES



Lt.-Col. Peter Wiggin, of the Vine, his wife, daughter Sara & Mr. Nicholas Huntington



King Alfred's statue looming through the fog that failed to deter the motorists at the ball

DANCING



Miss Caroline Edwards, who works for an interior decorator, and Mr. George Leeds

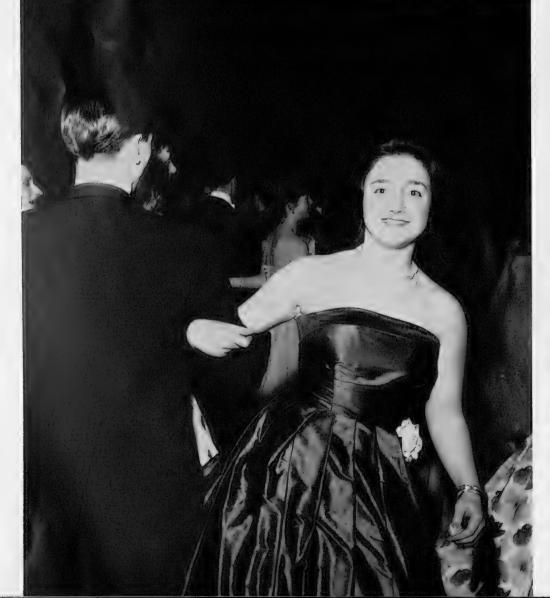
Miss Elizabeth Fenwick, a deb with a party on 10 April, and Mr. Christopher White

Winchester's 18th-centu

Guildhall was the settin

for the annual ball of

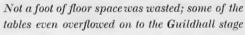
the Hampshire Hunt



Miss Sarah Maybury, the Hon. Patrick Penny and Mrs. Bernard Maybury, who brought a party



PHOTOGRAPHS: TOM HUSTLER





Miss Celia Wenger dancing with Mr. Michael Poland. Early breakfast was served at two



On the balcony: Miss Carole Hinmers and Mr. Tim Bruce, who is training to be a jockey



Lord Chesham with Mrs. J. A. Phillips



The Captain's Table: Yachtsman Capt. M. P. R. Boyle was host to a large party

THREE PRIVATE VIEWS ON FASHION

It's a truism of fashion that while women rarely seem to get what they want, they usually end up by wearing what the couturier dictates with every appearance of delight. With this in mind I asked three of the more decorative members of London society what they hoped Paris and particularly Marc Bohan at Dior would show. Then I flew off to the Paris Collections to find out just how many of their wishes had been fulfilled.

Mrs. John Profumo suffers the first disappointment. She told me how much she dislikes sleeveless dresses for women over 20—a valid point admittedly for they are so often unbecoming. Alas, in every collection at least half of the "little dresses" were sleeveless. Mrs. Profumo finds a dropped waist difficult for the not-so-young. Well, is it? Having seen Marc Bohan's intensely feminine and wearable collection made entirely with a dropped softly pouched waist, I am sure her disapproval will soon be overcome. She will be happy, too, about the ubiquitous flared, fluted pleated skirts as she hates those pencil-slim models which never "sit well."

Lady Melchett has definite views on fashion. She feels that: "Like art it should be a prophet of the future, not a repetition of the past." And that means she would have disapproved of the Nina Ricci collection for Belgian designer Jean Crahay's evocative 20s collection came dangerously near to fancy dress. This House is usually widely copied by English wholesale manufacturers and it will be interesting to see how many English women will go to such retrograde extremes. Certainly not Lady Melchett or Mrs. Profumo who finds the fashion of the 20s the most hideous in history.

Mme. De Rivera Schreiber is another woman likely to be disappointed by Paris. Waists are rarely in their proper place and her wish for "little longer skirts" remains unfulfilled. To be fashionable skirts must barely cover the knee.

There are compensations, however. Lady Melchett's plea for "a more graceful line, perhaps inspired by ancient Greece with plenty of pleating and draping" is answered in the exquisite floating chiffons seen at most Houses but particularly at Dior, Cardin, Balmain and Lanvin-Castillo. Incidentally Lady Melchett went to Paris herself last week and bought a suit from the new Dior collection. On the whole Paris came up with some pretty satisfactory answers for these three women who all condemned the Beatnik look and asked for flattering and seductive clothes. Said Lady Melchett: "Surely



VAN HALL

MRS. JOHN PROFUMO (this page)

wife of the Secretary of State for War

6 6 I don't think fashion needs such a sweeping change as it did

after the war . . . I would certainly like a New Look as long as

it wasn't as radical as the first one ? ?

LADY MELCHETT (centre)



one of the obj s of fashion is to enhance the female form." She considers that this was done to perfection in the mid-18th century.

Mme. Schi iber who hates "the present masculine trend in clothes," and dresses at Norman Hartnell who makes her robes de style for ceremonial and official court occasions can rejoice in the return under Marc Bohan at Dior to the traditional glories of that House.

For choice, if money were no object, Lady Melchett and Mrs. Profumo would dress at Balenciaga—the most expensive couturier in the world. Mrs. Profumo in fact buys her clothes for great occasions at Victor Stiebel,

MADAME DE RIVERA SCHREIBER (right)

wife of the Peruvian Ambassador to London

Coldonot like the present masculine trend . . . I think the
foundation of real elegance is a mixture of
good taste and simplicity as opposed to extravagance?

others off-the-peg from well-known houses like Susan Small and Frank Usher, one of whose dresses she wears in the picture. Lady Melchett chooses Michael and Ronald Paterson for couture suits, but she, too, buys ready-to-wear.

Women subconsciously prefer to cling to the styles that were fashionable during the happiest and most successful period of their lives. This often makes it difficult for them to accept or have confidence in a new trend. But in spite of the preconceived notions that women—and men too—seem to have about fashion, my guess is that this summer women are going to look prettier than they have for a long time past.

Maureen Williamson



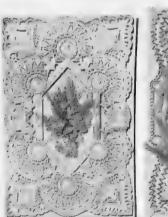
COUNTER SPY

ESPIONAGE:
MINETTE SHEPARD
MICROFILM:
PRISCILLA CONRAN

Items from individualists



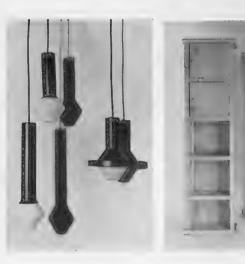
norses, mostly Victorian ones, are stabled at The Rocking Horse, 23 St. John's Wood High Street, where this push horse can be bought for £10. Horses tired and battered from years of nursery life are given smart new paint and saddlery in their work rooms. Other examples of Victorian nursery life are dolls' houses and furniture; and beautifully-dressed life-like dolls and dolls' beds or cradles with hand-made linen true to the period. Collectors' items that could charm a 60s child too, are the Regency and early 19th-century dolls





VALENTINES are from John Hall's shop at 17 Harrington Street, S.W.7, where he has a specialist selection of Victorian cards and prints, plus named Staffordshire figures mostly connected with theatre life. Victorian theatre programmes and playbills, postcards from Victorian and Edwardian days and a small, recently acquired collection of the famous *Unrequited Love* series of Valentines (£2 each) are also available. Collectors and amateur browsers alike are welcomed—cards can be bought from 1s. each—in this shop with the leisured air of Victorian days

FARMHOUSE kitchen furniture of stripped pine, fruitwood or elm fills a showroom of Betty Hope of Beauchamp Place where the pair of narrow pedestal cupboards (below, right) cost around £9 15s. Some old pieces are available but the majority of the cupboards, dressers, shelves, stools and tables here are reproductions made by skilled craftsmen from old wood. A kitchen furnished with them is in keeping with modern décor trends



NEW SHAPES in lighting come from Finland where Tapio Wirkkals designed two new bulbs to fit Finnish incandescent lights. One is made to fit the matt black sputnik shape lamp, price: £4 14s. 6d., and the long and short tube lamps both shown above. The bulbs come clear or coloured in 40 or 60 watts for 15s. each. Groups of them give a pretty incandescent glow



LEATHER CHAIR, black and brass-studded, recalls the Crimea, when the original of this campaign chair was used. Its look of solid strength is deceptive—the varnished wooden frame actually folds flat. Made to order in other leathers, too, from Marguerite D'Arey of 75 York Street for 30 gns. Designs for interiors, French or English furniture from varying periods, and chic accessories for interiors are all available here





The play

Masterpiece. Royalty Theatre. (Anton Walbrook, Margaret Johnston, Walter Gotell, Arnold Marlé, Robert Eddison.)

The films

The Mark. Director Guy Green. (Rod Steiger, Maria Schell, Stuart Whitman, Donald Wolfit, Brenda de Banzie, Maurice Denham, Donald Housto

Madeleine, Telephone 136211. Director Kurt Meisel. (Eva Bartok, Sabina : sselmann.)

Blackjac ets. Director Olle Hellbon (Bill Magnusson, Hans Wahlgre Christina Schollin, Anita Wall:)

The be

Field W: Geese, by Lyn Irvine. (Hamish, familton, 16s.)

Scenes F m Married Life, by
William oper. (Macmillan, 16s.)
The Pilg. uage, by John Broderick.

(Weiden: 1 & Nicolson, 15s.)

Golk, by Richard Stern.
(Maegibl. 1 & Kee, 16s.)

The records

Outskirts Of Town, by the Prestige Blues Swingers.

Them Dirty Blues, by Cannonball Adderley.

Singing The Blues, by Louis Armstrong and others.

Blues Is A Story, by Sonny Terry & Brownie McGhee.

Folk Blues by John Lee Hooker

The Grand Prix Of Gibraltar, by Peter Ustinov.

The Edge of Shelley Berman. Revisited, by Tom Lehrer.

The galleries

Vera Haller, and Wolfgang Hollegha. Institute of Contemporary Arts.

ANTHONY COOKMAN ON PLAYS

The stage moves — the play sticks

SOME STORIES ARE SO UNLIKELY that they cannot be invented: they have to happen. One such surely turns on the case of the obscure Dutch painter who confessed some 15 years ago that he had forged six pictures duly accepted by the experts as genuine Vermeers. Obviously made for the stage? Yes-and no. It all depends on how the subject is treated. The extraordinary story of Gauguin's life was no less obviously made for the novel; but a great deal of storytelling art was required of Mr. Somerset Maugham before he could give the facts of this life fictional reality in The Moon and Sixpence. Indeed, it is not too much to say that the more extraordinary the story thrown up by real life, the more finesse is needed to bring it plausibly to the stage. The authors of Masterpiece at the Royalty-Mr. Larry Ward and Mr. Gordon Russell-have nothing much in the way of finesse, and the remarkable story they have taken from life comes over tamely, confusedly and without the ring of truth.

Even their want of storytelling finesse would not perhaps matter if they had made up their minds exactly what sort of play they wanted to write and had held firmly to their chosen course. They could have given us a satire on timeserving traditional critics who exist to flatter the Philistines. They could have made a tragedy out of an artist who, like Browning's Andrea Del Sarto, was a technical genius without a spark of originality. Or they could have done a lively thriller on the theme of a suspected collaborationist forced on pain of death to produce a picture which critics would-even to the

undoing of their own reputations—rapturously acclaim an undoubted masterpiece.

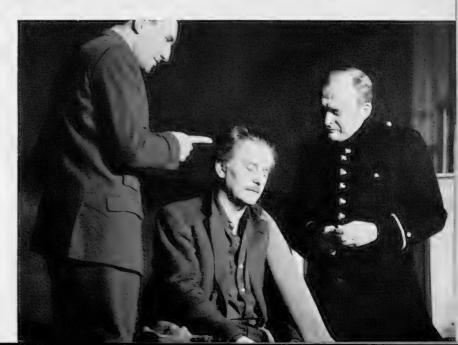
The authors try to compress these three different plays into one play. One cannot call the result a disaster, but there is no blinking the truth. Potentially good narrative material comes out as dull entertainment.

The pointlessness of much of the character drawing is emphasized continued overleaf

Below: The forger (Anton Walbrook) shows his work complacently to suspicious friend (Robert Eddison) and appreciative wife (Margaret Johnston). At bottom: He faces the questions of the art critic (Walter Gotell) and the police officer (Frank Gatliff) when he has been found out



JOHN TIMBERS



THE MORTIMERS at home



Barrister-playwright John Mortimer, whose one-act Lunch Hour moves with Three from the Arts to the Criterion this week, lives with his novelist wife Penelope and their six children (ages 5 to 21) in a house in Swiss Cottage. They keep their writing activities quite separate, Mr. Mortimer works in the basement, his wife in another part of the house. His last full-length play The Wrong Side of the Park had a West End success last year and he has just finished a new one. Mrs. Mortimer's latest book of short stories, Saturday Lunch with the Brownings, appeared last autumn

ELSPETH GRANT ON FILMS

VERDICTS continued

rather than concealed by the direction. Mr. Henry Kaplan uses the moving stage to dart to and fro in time, and too often these flashbacks are mere characterizations of the obvious which interrupt the flow of the story to no good purpose. The story starts with the trial of a collaborationist, and though the Crown prosecutor is manifestly vindictive in his approach to the case the authors wholly fail to convey to us the public resentment felt against a man who has apparently enriched himself during the occupation by selling national art treasures to Goering.

Gradually the trial alters its The collaborationist character. trying to clear himself of the charge of having done profitable business with the enemy becomes a sort of Whistler theitly making a fool of the hidebound critics of his day. This all very well if the would be perts were not repreeminent sented as blithering idiots whose replies to iding questions are too musing. One of them, silly to l for instar does not hesitate to boats. "The forgery" burn all has not (the style, texture and 3 Vermeer, but it could signature not possil have been painted by nd no X-ray examinaanvone el tion of t anvas could possibly establish it the paint was less than 300 rs old.

Flashba show us that long before the or the painter was disgruntled v the world which had neglected original work and was strongly te oted to play a trick on the so-call experts by using his technical d terity to forge pictures which wo take in the experts simply ber se they were not only in the styl fa master but bore his signature. here is only one living eritic who the painter respects, and the one one scene in the play which reall lives is that in which seeing the comman mistaking one of his forgeries for a superb Vermeer the hero is brought face to face with his own fundamental moral problem.

Mr. Anton Walbrook cannot make much of a character so superficially observed. He has some charming and some theatrically tense moments, and they are all that can be reasonably expected. Mr. Arnold Marlé is really better served as the old art expert whose lifelong integrity is shaken in the witness box and recovers only just in time to wind up the play effectively; but Miss Margaret Johnston, Mr. Robert Eddison, Mr. Peter Sallis and other good actors are wasted on grossly over-simplified parts.

Noughts and crosses week

OF THE FILMS OFFERED THIS WEEK, two carried an "X" certificate while the third was regarded by the Censor as beyond "X"-that is to say, he refused it a certificate of any kind and it can therefore only be shown at cinema clubs-and only one, The Mark, deserves any serious

Its theme is hideously topical, yet I do not think Mr. Raymond Stross, the producer, and Mr. Guy Green, the director, can be accused of sensationalism. On the contrary, I find their courage in tackling a most difficult subject entirely praiseworthy: though the film may well give rise to heated controversy, its sincerity cannot be questioned.

A young man, Mr. Stuart Whitman, is released from prison after serving a three-year sentence and undergoing prolonged psychiatric treatment. His psychiatrist, Mr. Rod Steiger, with whom he is pledged to keep in touch, is convinced that he is cured-of what mental sickness we are not immediately told-and has found him an excellent job in a firm the head of which, Mr. Donald Wolfit, is a humanitarian, eager to help.

Mr. Whitman is troubled and unsure of himself. Is he really cured-or will he lapse again into the aberration that made him a danger to society? Through his regular visits to the psychiatrist we learn the cause of his imprisonment. He had abducted a 12-yearold girl: he had committed no criminal assault upon her but that had been his intention-and, appalled at himself, he had begged to be sent to prison.

The cause of the aberration is gradually revealed in a series of illuminating flashbacks. Memories of a dominating mother who had robbed her husband of his manhood had made it impossible for him to have sexual relations with a woman -had given him the insane desire to possess someone he could dominate: a little girl.

The terror that this desire may recur haunts him but it begins to fade when he finds himself attracted to a charming young widow-Miss Maria Schell, giving a most sensitive performance. Mr. Whitman and Miss Schell become lovers-and, secure now in his sense of normality, Mr. Whitman feels nothing but what a father might feel for Miss Schell's 12-year-old daughter.

His happiness is short-lived. A

newspaper reporter, Mr. Donald Houston, sees Mr. Whitman with Miss Schell's daughter and promptly rakes up the story from the pasturging, sensationally, that no civilized community should tolerate Mr. Whitman's presence. Nobody bothers to inquire into Mr. Whitman's response to psychiatric treatment, nobody considers the possibility of his having been cured. He is reviled and shunned and hounded from his job, his lodgings and finally from the town.

If the ending suggests that Miss Schell may help him build a new life elsewhere, it still does not promise that society as a whole will ever forgive or accept him. Mr. Whitman's moving performance aroused my sympathy for the manbut, of course, I haven't a daughter: those who have may feel differently.

It would appear from Madeleine-Telephone 136211 that the call-girl racket flourishes in Berlin and that this gives the local police a frightful headache. I really can't see whyif the information in the hand-out is correct. "Prostitution," it says, "is not illegal. Nor is procuring, unless it is done for profit." It seems to me the height of naivety to assume that procuring, on any considerable scale, is ever done for anything but profit—but if it is permissible at all, and if prostitution is O.K. by the law, why the fuss about call-girls?

They seem to carry on their business in an extremely discreet and refined way-live in luxury apartments and wear smashing clothes and are the envy of their respectable girl-friends.

Miss Eva Bartok, the pride and joy of her procuress, thoroughly enjoys the life (if I am not deceived by her notable lack of acting ability) -until she goes and falls in love with an upright and intensely moral construction engineer whom she would like to marry. She will, she decides, break with the procuress and have her telephone disconnected and reform-but, as if you didn't know, before she gets around to it the engineer finds out about her shameful profession. He is disgusted-and she is distraught and takes an overdose of sleeping pills and so on and so on.

It is one of the silliest, hammiest and worst directed films I have ever had the misfortune to sit throughand, I warn you, even the striptease interludes are a bore: where's the tease when the "strip" consists of whisking off a single garment which is all that's between you and the buff?

Blackjackets is a thoroughly revolting exposure of the behaviour of Sweden's teen-aged beatniksand I applaud the Censor's action in banning it from public exhibition. I wonder indeed that Sweden allowed it to be exported, for this ugly display of debauchery, sadism, viciousness and corruption among the young is certainly no advertisement for that smug Welfare State.





MAN WITH A PAST Jim Fuller (Stuart Whitman) finds himself attracted (above) to Ruth (Maria Schell) a sympathetic widow with a young daughter. But the past catches up (left) though Doc. McNally (Rod Steiger) tries to reassure him. From The Mark

SIRIOL **HUGH-JONES** ON BOOKS

I'm still not sure about geese

THE WAY THINGS GO, THERE CAN hardly be a child left old-fashioned enough to want to be an enginedriver. Those who are not extrovert enough for space-travel must surely be undergoing a process of conditioning towards lion and otter taming and birdwatching. The latest folk-hero of our times is the gander, presented for our better acquaintance by Lyn Irvine in a nice peaceful little book called Field With Geese.

I am not absolutely demented about geese at close quarters myself, and find them altogether too large, too unpredictable and too hissing, with beady eyes that bode no good intent-though in the distance in a green field they instantly turn into those delightful fairytale birds trailing after the enchanted-princess-turned-goosegirl. (One of Edward Leigh's goosephotographs in this book, with a dove-house in the background, has a lot of this placid magic, the genuine Grimm quality.) Lyn Irvine's book is domestic, gentle and affectionate, decorated with agreeable classical and literary geese, and full of soothing information about laying and hatching, how geese enjoy baths, are inclined to tread heavily on a gosling here and there (being unable to get a clear view of their own feet), and live on into astonishing and frequently bad-tempered old age (Miss Irvine's oldest goose-acquaintance was a mere baby of 36 called Ethel).

I am more than prepared to admire Miss Irvine's devotion to her



1924

Angry Young Lady: 'I hate her! She says such catty things. She just told me I had a pretty figure.' Her Companion: 'But-pardon me-why is that so offensive?' Angry Young Lady: 'Oh, surely even you must know that figures are hopelessly out of fashior'

A problem of the 20s in A Punch History Of Manners & Morals, by Alison Adburgham (Hutchinso) 63s.)

gaggle, not to mention her fortitude in being ever prepared to turn out of bed on the edge of sleep to make sure she had tucked them up safely for the night. Yet those photographs-those frosty eyes, those vast, downy keels-leave me still nervous and unpersuaded.

William Cooper, who wrote Scenes From Provincial Life about a cheerful, intelligent, just-before-thewar young civil servant and novelist whose chief hobby was enjoying love while avoiding marriage, takes the same hero further in Scenes From Married Life. Now rapidly leaving youth behind but still indomitably young in heart, Joe finally brings himself to offer marriage to a dear little schoolmistress and is eagerly nabbed. The book is the trickiest, apparently easiest, and most endearingly readable mixture of hearts-&-flowers and cunningly off-hand irony. It is both tender-hearted and coolheaded, happily sentimental and quietly sharp-tongued. By now I am confused about who actually invented the Contemporary Hero but Mr. Cooper's-in spite of his wild moments—is easily the calmest, brightest, and ultimately the most willingly submissive to housetraining.

The Pilgrimage, by John Broderick, is an odd, steamy little novel about a distinctly rum Irish Roman Catholic family-a cripple planning a visit to Lourdes, his mixed-up manservant, and his youngish, cheerfully opportunist wife who is going to bed with her nephew-in-law but swops him, for strictly practical reasons, for the manservant at whom the crippled husband has also cast hopeful glances. Everyone becomes so entangled that not surprisingly nervous tension runs high, and it's a relief when they all bundle off together to Lourdes. I was left

unsure whether the book was a sort of sick joke or a caustic lire on claustrophobic, underne ished, provincial society.

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The publishers now favographed jackets in the manner, and this one lollipop heroine as a drea around 18, which is about age in the book. Julian (the jacket, writes to the "As a Catholic, I find it c approve of your book, novelist I most heartily d " which just goes to show I'm no he only one to feel so muddled.

Briefly . . . Golk, b Stern, is one of those fra ... brutal novels about television ... is time about a nasty Americ snoopexposure programme :ctitious) called You're On Camera which I suppose somehow justific the awful nastiness of the book. It is violent and brassy and written in a singularly ungainly and unhell ful prose.



which Mr. Stern, the Assistant Professor of English at the University of Chicago, must have intended. . . . Four Screenplays Of Ingmar Bergman, translated by Malmstrom and Kushner, is a beautifully produced book of some of the Swedish wizard's sinister scripts. They read very fancy and spooky to me, but will make cosy late-night reading for fans, preferably in the intervals of clinking glasses and swigging love potions and dreaming of the summer lightning glittering like silver needles over the horizon.



Renaissance for the blues

ALL THE RECORD COMPANIES SEEM to be paying a lot of attention to the blues at present, and some exceptionally good jazz has resulted. Outskirs of town (32-110) features a nineiece band, The Prestige Blues Songers, well assorted in the presenc. of modern trumpeters Farmer and Sulieman and a middled rhythm section in which of-the-r vant and guitarist Grimes pianist. ent, but it is the tenor of are pro 'orest that makes the Jimmy greatest spact on me.

pall Adderley's quintet Canno have pid an odd title in Them dirty bl (RLP12-322) but the up to its expectations in music liv swinging album. I only this stro wish the roup had been playing in such for when they came to Britain vear. Julian Adderley, the Cantaball himself, plays some intensely owerful alto, brother Nat joins for. s on trumpet to prove that his a clamation as the new star in a recent American poll is well justified. The piano chair is shared between Bobby Timmons, a punching, chordy player (he has since left the group to join Art Blakey's band), and Barry Harris, a Detroit pianist with great lyrical strength. The highspots in this outstanding album are Soon and Dirty blues, which lives up to its title in the nicest possible way!

On the vocal side the blues is represented by Leonard Feather's collection, Singin' the blues (CDN147). Many of the best-known jazz singers are included, such as Leadbelly, Lizzie Miles, Armstrong, Teagarden and Rushing. I am astonished by Mr. Feather's conceit in including a very moderate Lips Page track on which he plays piano, and another on which Hazel Scott, who was never a blues singer, performs in front of a group

assembled by the same Mr. Feather shortly after he arrived in New York. A more cohesive performance comes in Blues is a story (SEA5014), another in the series of duets by Sonny Terry and Brownie McGhee. Their repertoire is inexhaustible, authentic, and always imaginative. Sonny also reminds one that the harmonica has its place in jazz.

If the Terry-McGhee combination represents country blues, the work of singer John Lee Hooker represents something closer to the city blues, with its tinge of sophistication. He has become quite a name in the States recently, and some of his R & B records have achieved considerable sales. In this, his first British album, he concentrates on the more earthy blues, accompanying himself on guitar (RLP12-838). I think you will enjoy this record because Hooker varies the tempos considerably, and makes the fullest use of rhythmic contrasts.

Two masters of the spoken word, neither of whom have the remotest connection with jazz, have pride of place for their recorded monologues. The first is Peter Ustinov, who raises more than a few smiles every time I play The Grand Prix of Gibraltar on one of the new Riverside label's albums (RLP12-833). I know this lengthy and hilarious piece well enough to claim that it will stand the test of fairly frequent replaying. The other comedian is Shelley Berman, whose fast talking seems to get him out of most spots. His slightly off-beat humour is typically American in The Edge of Shelley Berman (CLP1407), without becoming monotonous. Then, of course, there is Tom Lehrer Revisited (LK4375), which recapitulates his earlier songs with the spoken introductions and a good deal of audience reaction to heighten the atmosphere.

> ROBERT WRAIGHT ON **GALLERIES**

The picture under the porridge

A CURIOUS CORRESPONDENCE HAS been going on in the Daily Telegraph recently. The heart of the matter might be summed up as "to abstract or not to abstract," and the climax came when the Head of the Department of Fine Art of Nottingham University wrote a sort of confessional letter in which he came "reluctantly to the conclusion that painting cannot stand the impoverishment of its language produced by the removal of the visual image."

This is not a highly original

statement. The anti-abstractionists have been repeating it for 50 years. What makes it interesting is that it comes from a former "fervent advocate of abstract art" and one who may be assumed to have mixed more serious thought and intelligence with his fervour than most. And what makes it noteworthy is that it expresses the feelings not only of one man but of a growing army of people for whom the present plethora of poor and phoney abstract painting has resulted in satiety.

But whichever side you take onthis issue you are bound to be wrong, for it is not an issue on which sides should be taken. In fact, there is no issue. It is just as idiotic to rail against the existence of abstract art as it is to argue that representational painting is finished. Both will continue to exist in spite of or, more probably, because of each other.

Abstract painting has been going for half a century now and is acceptable, just as Impressionism was after the same period, in respectable and official circles. And just as the mass of Impressionism produced after the first glorious burst was inferior, repetitious or imitative, so, I believe, is the bulk of abstract painting today. The difference is that for the layman it is more difficult to differentiate between good and bad when the painting is non-figurative.

With the professorial correspondent of the Telegraph, I do not believe that the world's greatest painting will ever be an abstract one. But that does not mean that abstract painting must stop any more than it means that there should be no more landscape painting because that field, too, is unlikely to provide the greatest of

Abstract and figurative do not cancel each other out, nor do they demand separate standards of criticism or different criteria for appreciation. In his approach to abstract art the spectator must not permit himself to be overawed, flummoxed or bamboozled by the verbal porridge (as the anonymous reviewer of a new book on modern art calls it in The Times Literary Supplement) that has boiled up around it.

In deliberately restricting his means of communication by refusing to use representational elements, it seems to me that the abstract painter imposes upon himself the necessity of being a better painter than the figurative artist. Anyway that is the idea with which I went to see the work of Vera Haller and Wolfgang Hollegha at the I.C.A. It is probably also the reason why I was so unimpressed.

In spite of assurances in the catalogue that both these Austrian artists' work "belongs in that rich territory between, on the one hand, an art descriptive of objects and seenes and, on the other, an art based wholly on invented forms," Hollegha's pictures conveyed no images to me.

Haller, however, by introducing a double-ended cross-shape into every one of her canvases, bombarded me continuously with evocations of Hitler's V1s floating across gaudy-coloured skies. The shape seems to have been a fixation with her and would have become a bore for me if it had not been for her striking handling of colour and surface textures.

Hollegha has neither of these qualities. The kindest thing I can find to say about his canvases is that they are big. His handling of diluted paint, which he allows to run and spread to produce "controlled accidental" effects, is akin to watercolour technique and is quite banal when applied to a canvas 11 ft. by 7 ft. The now fashionable idea of the big painting that involves the viewer in pictorial space is here made to look nonsense. The space is there all right, but where is the picture?

From the I.C.A. to Wildenstein's is a short walk, but their current exhibitions are separated by the best part of a century in time and by a whole world in thought. Fifty paintings by Berthe Morisot (exhibited in aid of the French Hospital & Dispensary, London) make a field day for those reactionaries who still like charm, and even sentiment, with their art.

A pupil and follower of (in turn) Corot, Manet and Renoir, Morisot nevertheless retained in the best of her work a highly personal manner. The earliest works in this exhibition are frankly imitative of Corot, and those painted in her last years are virtually hommages à Renoir. But during her long association with Manet (whose brother Eugene she married) she gave as much as she took, showing the Master the virtues of a light palette and of plein air painting.

The measure of her genius lies in the fact that, in spite of her closeness to so many giants, she remained true to herself not only as a born painter but also as a woman, a wife and a mother and all that those states imply.



Berthe Morisot & her daughter, a self-portrait at Wildenstein's



BARRY WARNEL

the beautician largely as the work of man. And what man can do for it is increasing as fast as the cosmetics that can camouflage and change to the point of deception. For the slant of an eye makes more impact on the shape of a face than anything else you can name. And whatever new slants emerge from the Collections, the chances are that you'll still be making a discreet or daring sweep of pencil behind the lashes. Eye shadow up to the eyebrow and owl-lined eyes are all very well on the cat walk, but their glory dims on home ground.

The newest arrivals in the eye department are planned to fill up holes on the beauty counter stocks. They cope with a problem and aren't just repeats. Problem point: how to wipe away eye make-up quickly and efficiently. Answer: Arcancil Fluid 16 from France, which dissolves mascara and shadow, and comes in a competent squeezy bottle. Problem point: how to look pretty with under-eye shadow. Answer: Crème Anti-Cerne by Orlane, which puts under-eye shadows in the sun again with a pink masking cream that makes a lightening backing for powder. Problem point: how to get the

right slant on an eye pencil without losing ye temper and the point. Answer: a pre-slanted propelling pencil called the Bry-Brow.

Problem point: how to refill mascara minus the mess. Answer: Coty-Matic with its slick, interchangeable cartridge system. Problem point: how to apply a quick, muted aura of shadow behind lashes. Answer: pressed eye shadow, the first of its kind, by Estée Lauder at Harrods. Like compressed powder, it comes in a mirrored compact and touches on with an enclosed puff. Colours are iridescent violet, blue, green and plain turquoise.

Pencil makes more impact during the day because it gives shape and slant to the lid. But dark shadow used in the same way gives equal shaded effect—a dark grey like Guerlain's Cinéma or a darkened brown, their Châtain Foncé.

The sensitive skin outlining the eye needs maximum protection. And it's easy enough when putting on cream to miss out the vital eye area completely. Try a pure, thickish lanoline cream like Christy's to ward off dryness. Start an anti-wrinkle campaign as early as you like to forestall under-eye creases with one of the special eye creams available.

G O O D L O O K S B Y E L I Z A B E T H W I L L I A M S O N



NEXT TUESDAY IS PANCAKE DAY, and it is timely to draw attention to some of the more exotic dishes we can make with the basic wafer-the thin and pliable crêpes.

YORKSHIRE PUDDING BATTER is as good as any for the usual pancakes. Here it is: 4 oz. plain flour, a good pinch of salt, 1 large egg and ½ pint milk or milk and water. For a richer mixture, allow another egg. Even a slightly thinner batter will suit some folk better. For each, stir a tal lespoon of melted butter into the latter at the last minute, not only to improve the flavour but also to move sure that the pancakes do not ick to the pan (even though c rything else does) provided th. the pan is not too hot.

In France, for sweet paneakes, brandy or orange-flavoured liqueur is generally added to the batter. I prefer a good pinch of vanilla sugar and a dessertspoon of dry vermouth or sherry or rum.

This amount of batter is enough for 8 to 10 pancakes. Use a fryingpan whose diameter at the bottom is 6 inches. Get it fairly hot. Form a piece of cotton-wool into a little pad, rub it over butter or lard and wipe it over the bottom of the pan. Ladle in barely enough batter to cover the bottom of the pan and cook for one minute on each side. Remove and keep hot. Repeat until all the batter is used. Sprinkle the pancakes with caster sugar and pass wedges of lemon with them.

Pancakes stuffed with chopped cooked lobster, crayfish, scampi, Pacific prawns or even "ordinary" prawns or shrimps are delicious. Make the pancakes as above.

Have ready about 3 pint rich Bechamel sauce. Simmer 1 oz. plain flour in 1 oz. butter. Remove and stir in a breakfasteup of chicken stock (a chicken cube and hot water will do). Cook together to thicken. Add an egg, beaten with 1 to 2 tablespoons of thick cream. Meanwhile, cut 1 oz. white mushrooms into thin strips and cook them in a little butter, a squeeze of lemon juice and a teaspoon of water. Chop any of the above shellfish to have a breakfasteup of them.

Reserve about 4 pint of the sauce. Add the shellfish and mushrooms to the remainder. Season to taste. A few drops of sherry will not be amiss. Heat through.

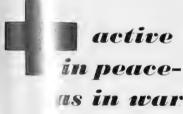
Divide the mixture between the pancakes. Place a portion in the centre of each. Bring up and over the sides and then the ends to make neat_oblong "parcels" or form into the more usual long rolls. Place, side by side, in a rectangular ovendish and spoon the remaining sauce over them. Sprinkle with grated Gruyère cheese and place in the oven to heat through and brown or, if the filling was kept hot, slip the dish under a not-too-high grill to heat through and become a little

Minced little bits of cooked chicken which would not be enough to make a dish in themselves can be used in place of shellfish for the filling-a suggestion many will find useful in these days of the ubiquitous broiler.

For CREPES SUZETTE, I suggest that you flavour the batter with a tablespoon of orange flower water. It does not evaporate in the way a spirit does and its perfume is delicately insistent. At the last minute, add a tablespoon of Curação, too. Then make the pancakes just a I have described for Shrove Tuesday.

Now for the "Suzette" part. Rub 8 to 10 lumps of sugar over the rind of a well-washed Jaffa orange or tangerine or any of the mandarin type to absorb the "essence." Place them in a large frying-pan with the juice of 1 to 2 oranges and gently heat them through until the sugar is dissolved. Melt an ounce or so of butter in this. Dip each pancake into the hot juicy syrup, fold it in four and push it to one side of the pan. Treat the others in the same

Finally, into the other side of the pan, pour a measure each of brandy and Curação. Warm them and spoon them over the pancakes. Set them alight and serve the Crêpes Suzette as the flame dies down, spooning the remaining sauce over them.



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MAN'S WORLD

David Morton

Dressing on subscription

THE WELL-DRESSED MAN HAS A LONG tradition of owing money to his tailor. The 20th-century equivalent is by operating a credit or subscription account. In this way, of course, the tailor does actually get paidusually over a 10-month periodwhich is something Brummel would never have understood. Admittedly some of the old-time dandies were too valuable as walking advertisements ever to be dunned, but the tailors made things pretty hot for the others. If they didn't pay up the choice lay between the debtor's prison, a swift retreat to the nonextradition Isle of Man, or, as in Brummel's case, a shabby end in

As a much-abused profession the tailors naturally tried to make their losses good, and well into this century their charges were kept high to offset past debts. Then wartime controls forced a general agreement on prices and some other method of finding the money had to be thought up. In a society whose affluence stems largely from credit, the subscription account seemed an excellent answer. This system is now one of the services offered by many firms and has become highly organized. Most stores offer the normal monthly credit account, but it can be an unpleasant shock to have to pay for, say, an overcoat in one lump sum, and then probably want nothing more for several months.

The subscription account solves this problem, and can be especially valuable to a young man who wants to outfit himself completely and at once. The store will probably ask him for two trade references and perhaps a banker's reference as well. A relatively painless first payment of £5 will secure the purchase of £50-worth of clothing. £2 would permit £20-worth of credit and so on, the general practice being to allow 10 times the original amount. The balance is paid off by banker's order over 10 months.

Understandably, most of the stores running these schemes hope that they will be continued, not only as a means to paying off one purchase but as a running account. Once the initial banker's order has been effected and the lessening of income has been accepted it is good sense to let the order stand and

build up a credit balance. Incidentally, I would welcome a similar arrangement with a wine merchant. £5 a month and £50 credit would enable me to lay down some wine as well as drinking some now.

Moss Bros. have been running a subscription account scheme since 1917, but until 1959 it applied only to officers on active service. This was a happy and popular arrangement, and since officers are also gentlemen references were not of prime importance. In 1959 they introduced a similar scheme for civilians. Two trade references and a banker's reference were required. and an initial payment of onetwelfth of the value was accessary with the balance paid by order over the following 12 months A surcharge of a shilling in t. covers the interest. Sin mons of Piccadilly also offer this service, with the same reference requirements. They give credit to eight times the initial paymen, with a minimum of £1 and a maximum of £10, so clothes costing up to £80 can be had for an initial outboy of £10. Austin Reed started a subscription scheme before the war, when it was discontinued, to restart in 1953. They find the scheme popular which is hardly surprising since they give credit to 12 times the initial payment. The usual references are required and for those under 21 a guarantor must be found. They have a useful booklet which they will send on request. John Michael also run a subscription scheme.

Speaking of credit, one of the most useful services in this direction is provided by Finders Services Ltd. A card is given you when you become a member, bearing a serial number and a specimen of your signature. This enables you to sign the bill at an enormous number of hotels and restaurants all over the world and also at a selected number of shops for purchases like flowers, clothes, wines, spirits and cigarettes, as well as car hire and petrol. The annual subscription is £2 2s. and no extra charge is made. Further details can be had from them at 22 South Audley Street. Payment, they sincerely hope, is monthly; it makes a pleasant change to be destitute at the beginning of the month instead of the end.



Other People's Babies

LENARE

ROGER (two and a half), JOANNA (six months) and SUSAN (four and a half), the children of Mr. & Mrs. Patrick Mills, of Dene House, Oxted, Surrey, with their mother

CHR TOPHER (nine), TIMOTHY & JONATHAN (five rear-old twins), ROSAMOND (seven) and ANT DNY (four months), with their parents, Brig the Hon. Gilbert & Mrs. Monekton, of Duch Manor, Tidworth, Hampshire

JAMU (three), JULIA (six and a half), JENN (one and a half) & CAROLINE (five), the ldren of Mr. & Mrs. J. A. Cushman, of Torn Lodge, Upper Belvedere, Kent



LENARE



F. J. GOODMAN

Francesca (just two), the younger daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Jeremy Faull, of Pont Street



GORDON WILKINS

has not been able to contribute his Motoring page this week. At press time he was still exhausted from his exertions in the Monte Carlo Rally. He will be writing in The Tatler again next week

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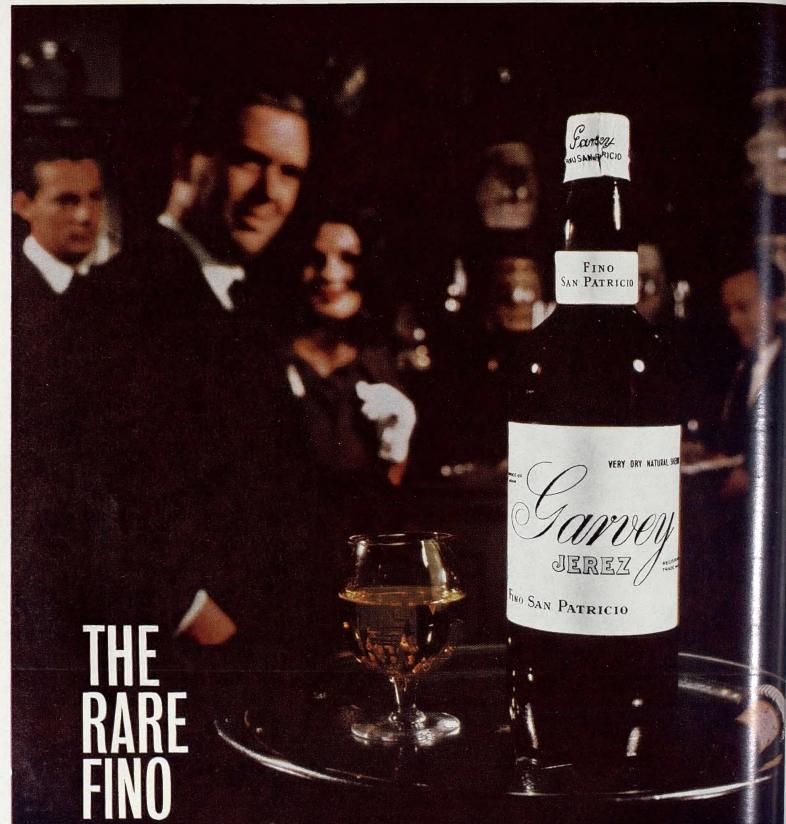
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